

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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NORMAN ANGELL'S BAD SOVEREIGN

*See
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Ten*

OUR ENGLAND IS A GARDEN

ARE YOU LOOKING
AFTER IT?What the R. B. A. is Doing For
Your Small Patch

THE ROAD BEAUTIFUL

A visitor to England was heard to say that England is the Garden of Europe, but a very neglected one.

His remark reminds us of these lovely lines by Rudyard Kipling, who drives home the point:

Our England is a garden; but such gardens are not made by saying, O how beautiful! and sitting in the shade.

That, we are ashamed to say, is the attitude of most of us. From our place in the shade we admire what is being done and are perhaps grateful; but only a few of us help.

Mostly, when we see a new road, we cry "What a hideous gash in the countryside!" and go away to forget all about it; but when the Roads Beautifying Association sees such a road it cries, "What a glorious opportunity!" and sets about planning what can be done with it.

A Wonderful Scheme

Those who would like to see what this association has done already should walk in springtime up the Kenton Road in Harrow, or ride down Kingston Bypass with its Children's Avenue of double-white cherry trees. Each tree has the name of a child, and they grow up together.

The association has also a wonderful scheme in hand. It proposes to plant the whole of the Guildford-Godalming Bypass with trees which will be at the height of their beauty in the autumn. No road has yet been planned on these lines. Its flaming beauty will draw people for hundreds of miles, and they will go away with a glow in their hearts and enough radiance and colour in their mind's eye to carry them through the dark days of winter.

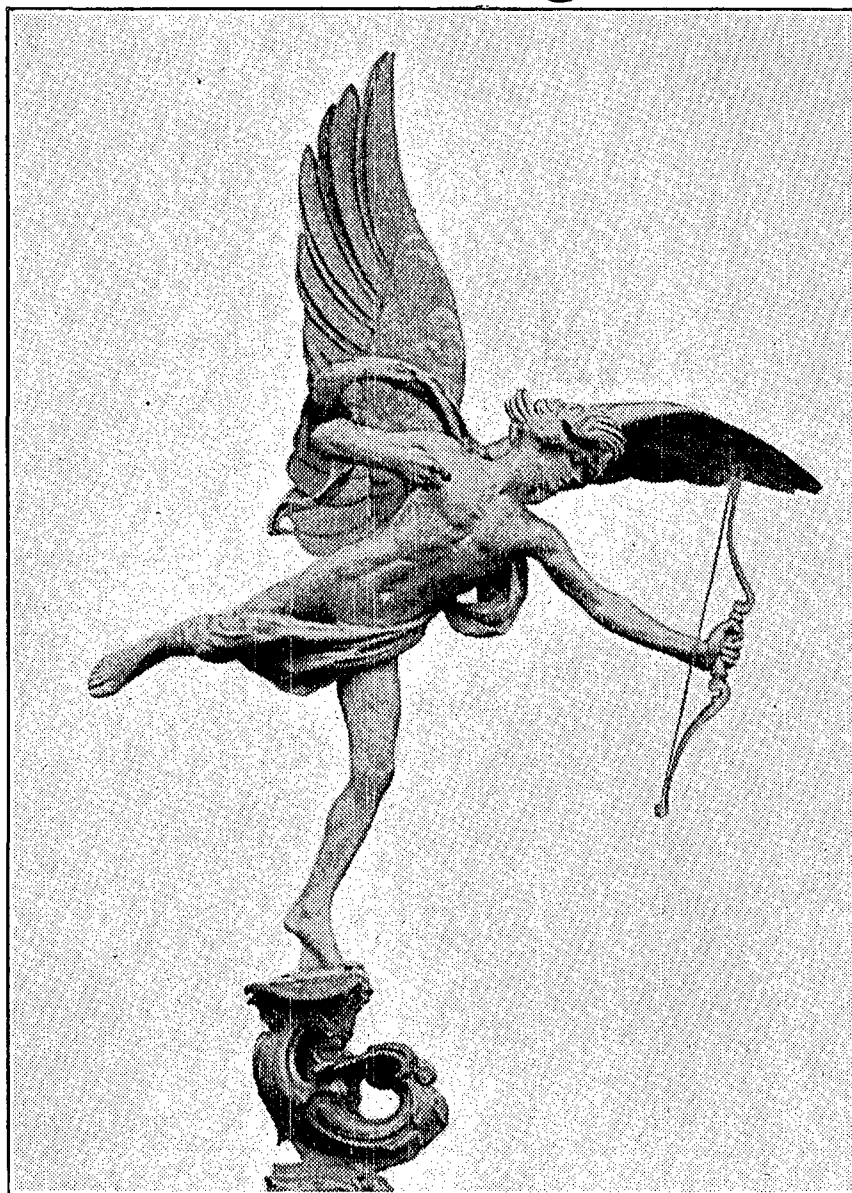
Remembrance Avenue

Then there are the Remembrance Avenues. Colchester is soon to have one, each tree a memorial, dedicated to a relative of someone who is living in the neighbourhood.

It was to the Roads Beautifying Association that the owners of a colliery at Tamworth wrote asking for advice in planting their refuse dumps, which were so unsightly from the road. The association has also helped many County Councils, has planned a road for Letchworth and another for Richmond, and has been called in consultation with regard to the ancient plane trees still growing in the garden of St Bartholomew's Hospital.

Surrey County Council values its advice so highly that this year it has

Eros Back Again



After his long absence from Piccadilly Circus Eros, the little god of love, is once again in his old position at the Hub of the World. He was placed there without ceremony but in the presence of thousands of Londoners late one evening. See page 2.

given £20 toward the funds, but many County Councils still hold back, either from lack of interest or because they feel they can get on very well without outside help.

We are extremely sorry to hear that Kent, for one, is acting the part of Little Johnny-Head-in-Air. The knowledge and advice of the R.B.A. is invaluable, and no county can afford to disregard it, not even Kent, with all its beauty and all its brains.

Through the influence of this association 2000 trees of 50 kinds were planted last year, and the same number of shrubs. It was the R.B.A. who stepped in and saved the old elm avenue on the Kington high road in Warwickshire.

It is true that we are caring a little more for our beautiful Garden of England than we used to, and it is encouraging to read that, while 103 trees were damaged on the Kingston Bypass in the first year and 45 in the second, in the third year hardly any damage was

done. The same improvement has been noticed in the wood off the North Orbital Road bought by the R.B.A. The association planted thousands of blue-bells and daffodils, and put up notices asking people not to pick them. Although 300 people visited the wood in one week-end the flowers were left untouched, and, it is gratifying to add, there was no litter. It had all been put in the boxes.

This excellent work cannot go on without more members and more workers. At a trifling cost the association has done much to add to the beauty of our country, and therefore to its wealth. Why should it be left to a handful of people to keep our garden beautiful for us all?

It is happily possible for everybody to help in some way, and the best of all ways is to become a member by sending a guinea to the Roads Beautifying Association, whose offices are at 34, Chandos House, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

POOR TREGOUBOFF

THE PRICE OF COURAGE

An Act of the Soviet That Will
Shock the World

THE MAN WHO DIED FOR BELIEVING IN IT

A little while ago there lived in Russia an old writer named Tregouboff.

Now, because he trusted the Soviet, he is dead.

Tregouboff was 73. He had lived under the Tsarist rule, and had seen, like the rest of the world, that it was bad. He welcomed the coming of the Bolsheviks. What he hailed as the dawn of freedom was indeed only a change of tyrants, but Tregouboff did not believe it—till the other day. He was a sweet-natured, hopeful man, always trying to see the best in people.

"There is a mistake," he said, when people told him of cruel wrongs done under the Soviet.

The Persecuted Doukhobors

But there was no mistake about the ill-usage of the Doukhobors in South Russia. They belong to a religious sect which teaches that all fighting is wicked, and they were persecuted under the Tsars. However, when they begged to be allowed to emigrate, they were allowed to go, and they all left Mother Russia for the freedom of a part of the British Commonwealth.

After the Revolution the Russian peasants said they would not grow corn if they were not allowed to make a profit on it.

Then the leaders thought of the Doukhobors out in Canada. These people, like most religious folk, had a high reputation as good workers, trusty, clever, and energetic. Besides, they were agriculturists. So the Soviet invited them to return, and some of them did. They left a good living in Canada for love of Mother Russia.

The Ugliest of Crimes

But, a Russian writes, "they soon found out that there was no essential difference between the Tsarist Government and the Bolshevik Government." Once more they were persecuted and ill-used, once more they found that freedom was denied them, including freedom to return to Canada.

When Tregouboff heard of their sufferings he felt sure the Soviet would not let such a stain remain on the good name of the new régime?

Their reply was to banish him to the steppes of Turkestan. At 73 he was made to travel 100 miles on camel-back, and he died of the journey.

Treachery is the ugliest of crimes. In sending a friend to die in exile the Bolsheviks have committed a deed that will shock the world more than the massacre of their enemies.

Tregouboff was true to the Soviet, and for that he died.

EROS ON HIS THRONE AGAIN

THE GOD IN THE STY

Piccadilly Circus Half Beauty and Half Rubbish

L.C.C.'S CHANCE

Eros has returned to his old place in Piccadilly Circus, but the riddle of this important London site has not yet been rightly solved.

While the statue of the flying young god was still hovering outside his old London home, awaiting the moment to poise himself with lifted foot on his pedestal, the Underground Railway was much puzzled as to the manner in which he should be welcomed.

They had manfully laboured with excavation and against flood to replace Eros where he was wont to be, and after all the years of his absence it seemed unfair that he should come back without some modest note of triumph or rejoicing. Perhaps flower-maidens dancing before him would have done, but the Underground abandoned the idea. It might have disturbed the traffic.

The Hub of the World

In one of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays a harassed Cabinet Minister who has to open a new street asks testily why it could not be opened quietly in the night by a policeman.

It seemed more than likely that Eros would have to be presented to his old London friends like that, as was indeed the case.

But if the return of Eros was lacking in festival there is all the more reason why the place he adorns should be made worthy of him.

We suggest that the London County Council should undertake a belated recognition of the occupation by Eros of the Hub of the World by clearing it of its rubbish.

One side of Piccadilly Circus is all glorious without, a worthy example of the new London architecture; the other half is a jumble of incongruous buildings, hideous by day, vulgar by night, and reminiscent of nothing so much as the attractions of the main street of a mining town on the prairies. It is, in fact, a rubbish heap.

A Nightmare of Ugliness

London has some of the finest buildings in the world; it has some of the finest sites in which to put them; but it is perpetually blind about bringing them together.

For fifty years Piccadilly Circus has supported in the London Pavilion, and the mean house fronts abutting on Shaftesbury Avenue, a nightmare of ugliness. It is a scandal and an imbecility that they should remain to degrade the rest.

Eros on his throne again, aims his shafts into a kingdom which is half a palace and half a sty. Let London take a hint from his grace and beauty and raise the Circus to his level.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

15th-cent. German manuscript	£2300
Shakespeare First Folio, 1623	£1800
Caxton book, 1479	£700
Shakespeare's Poems, 1640	£550
Milton's Lycidas, 1st ed., 1638	£430
Sheraton writing-table	£400
17th-cent. needlework panel	£300
Herrick first edition, 1648	£240
Medieval ivory altar	£240
Louis XV cabinet	£235
Silver punch bowl, 1731	£211
Molière first edition, 1668	£130
Letter by Daniel Defoe	£125
Voltaire manuscript	£80
George III silver tray	£74

WHAT TO DO WITH AN EMPTY ROOM

An Idea For These Days

LET US BE FRIENDLY

It is only a few months since we were telling of the room which has been set aside for Old Age Pensioners at Madeley in Shropshire.

Theirs is one of the cheeriest club-rooms in England, and now we hear of a room of the same sort opened in Croydon, not for Old Age Pensioners but for unemployed men.

Here they can sit in front of a cheerful fire, with a bowl of soup, or tea and bread and cheese, costing but a penny or two. They can play chess or draughts, and there are magazines and newspapers to read, with stationery for answering advertisements for work.

More and more poor fellows are drawn to this cheerful room each week, as to the one bright star in their dark sky, and now the room is so crowded that the Town Council has decided to look for a bigger one for them.

The Reward in Their Hearts

The Croydon members of the Society of Friends need no thanks to pay them; their reward is in their hearts. But it pleased them very much when one of the men came forward as spokesman for the rest. He said how much the effort was appreciated and how much it helped, and he added that he and his comrades would like in return to raise what money they could by giving a small entertainment.

The Friends guaranteed a hall, and no longer was the clubroom full of listless men with nothing to do. They were busy on a hundred and one schemes for making the entertainment a success.

All over England there are empty rooms; all over England there are, alas! people who have nowhere to spend a few hours in comfort. Who will follow where Madeley and Croydon lead the way?

THE UNCEASING WONDER

Secret Messages of Wireless

TURNING STRANGE SOUNDS INTO SPEECH

Oxford University and Harvard University were lately conducting a secret debate by wireless.

The secrecy of the debate was its most remarkable feature, not because the subject of it (which was whether War Debts should be cancelled) demanded privacy, but because of the extraordinary development of wireless that made it possible.

The Oxford debaters spoke from the B.B.C. headquarters in London, each having his microphone and hearing the speeches of the Harvard orators through loud speakers.

Similar arrangements were made in one of the National Broadcasting Company's studios in New York, where the Harvard men were assembled to speak and to listen.

Over land-lines and over the Atlantic the speeches were telephoned, wirelessly, or relayed, but only in those two rooms, one on Savoy Hill and the other in New York, could they be heard. No listeners in could tap them.

The explanation is that the spoken words were transmitted through an inverter. The inverter turns them during their Atlantic passage into a meaningless jumble of sounds, but when the sounds reach their destination they are converted back to coherent speech.

No one but the wireless authorities can sort these sounds into sense, because the Post Office has the only instruments which can perform this function.

It is one more of the ceaseless wonders of wireless which we ceaselessly forget.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY

COLLAPSE OF AN ANCIENT ROOF

Thousands of Precious MSS and Books in Peril

A VAST TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE

The Library of the Vatican, one of the oldest and most beautiful treasuries of books in the world, now lies in ruins.

On a December afternoon three of the piers supporting the roof suddenly collapsed and the mass of masonry brought down two floors until it came to rest in the basement of the building, where it buried some workmen.

A student, Professor Vattasso, was killed in one of the great rooms above, but had the disaster occurred earlier in the day many other men of learning would have shared his sad fate.

The Vatican Library was built for Pope Sixtus the Fifth by Domingo Fontana in the year of the Spanish Armada. This architect threw his building across the Belvedere Court erected by Bramante, and within its two great halls are preserved over fifty thousand manuscripts in addition to the books and archives. Among them are the sixteen-hundred-year-old copy of the Old Testament in Greek, works by Virgil and Terence of the same age, and a Bible illustrated by the sparkling colour of Pintoricchio, the fifteenth-century artist of Perugia.

Secrets of European History

Here, too, are letters written by Henry the Eighth to Anne Boleyn in the early days of his courtship, and the book he wrote against Martin Luther which won for him the title of Defender of the Faith, still to be seen inscribed upon our coins.

This terrible disaster was mercifully unaccompanied by fire, so that few of the treasures have been destroyed, but it will delay the work of cataloguing and organising the great Library, which the present Pope, himself a great lover of books, had set in train, aided by a grant from the Carnegie Trustees.

We can only hope that this invaluable work will not be long delayed, for the Vatican Library holds secrets of the history of Europe down the centuries which when brought to light by the practised historian may alter many an opinion hitherto held about more than one European ruler.

A PATRIOT GOES ABROAD

Sir John Anderson

Sir John Anderson, the valued civil servant for so long at the head of the Home Office, has gone to India.

The Home Office loss, which is felt outside it also by innumerable social workers, is India's gain; but there is another aspect of the change which must be mentioned.

During one of the later sittings of the India Round Table Conference a Moslem delegate from Bengal referred to the dangers which high Government officials incurred in India, and the risks they ran. Seventeen of the highest officers had been lost to the service of India in the last two years.

Some had been murdered, some disabled and sent home, some asked to retire because their safety could not be guaranteed.

This is a startling admission for an Indian, but it astonishes no one that the most gifted of our civil servants should be willing to exchange the safety and rewards of public life at home for peril and perhaps abuse in India, if thereby he can serve the interests of his country.

UNITED AUSTRALIA

A NATIONAL MINISTRY

The Man Who Leads the Way to Sanity

LABOUR'S GREAT DEFEAT

Australia has a new Government which, like our own, represents the best elements in all parties.

The hour has brought forth the man, and that man a statesman trained in the school of moderate Labour in Tasmania, the smallest and most English of all the Australian States. Of this State Mr J. A. Lyons rose to be Prime Minister, and in the Federal elections of 1929, he was chosen one of Tasmania's representatives.

The Federal Labour Party voted him into an office in Mr Scullin's Ministry, and when Mr Scullin came to attend the Imperial Conference at London he became acting Prime Minister, for he was the only Minister with administrative experience.

In the Midst of a Crisis

Mr Lyons soon found himself in the midst of a crisis threatening the bankruptcy of Australia. A loan of 28 million pounds was about to fall due and the Labour caucus in Parliament urged that it should not be met. To add to the difficulty an election had just taken place in New South Wales, and Mr Lang, its Labour leader, had won, advocating a policy of repudiation of loans.

Mr Lyons, who was chairman of the Loan Council of Australia, acted promptly, securing the support of Mr Scullin by telephoning to London, and proceeded to convert the loan.

One of the hot-heads in the Labour Party was a Mr Theodore, who had preceded Mr Lyons as Treasurer. On his return home Mr Scullin gave Mr Theodore a post in his Cabinet and Mr Lyons resigned.

A Self-sacrificing Policy

Gathering round him the leaders of the parties in opposition, he formed a national party known as the United Australia Party, which advocated sound finance, though that meant treading a difficult and self-sacrificing road.

Australia has given a prompt and courageous answer to Mr Lyons, and the Labour Party has broken up into two groups, following Mr Lang and Mr Scullin, whose combined numbers are far below the representatives of the new spirit in Australia.

This election, following closely on that of a strong national government in New Zealand, will restore confidence, not only in the Southern Dominions but in our own country as well.

TEN YEARS AFTER

A man came not long ago to Salford Royal Hospital with a swelling on his hand. He said nothing had happened to it, except a slight knock during his work.

The hand was X-rayed, and the surprised doctors found a splinter of lead glass in it, half an inch long, and a new bone grown round it.

The man then remembered that ten years before he had broken a window, but had thought no more about his injured hand, as it had healed up so quickly!

THINGS SAID

I always put my right shoe on first.

A great lady of the Films

We are still the greatest creditor nation in the world. Sir George Paish

The work of the League of Nations is the greatest landmark of progress in history. Lord Grey

Why is it that the word Joy has nearly dropped out of our vocabulary? Dean Inge

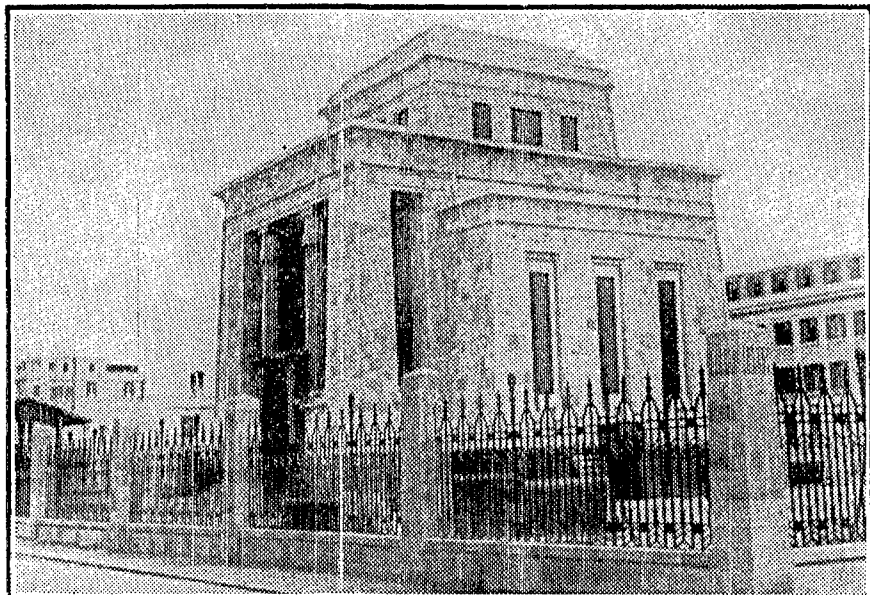
All the raw material we need can be produced in the British Empire. Sir Shirley Benn, M.P.

January 9, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

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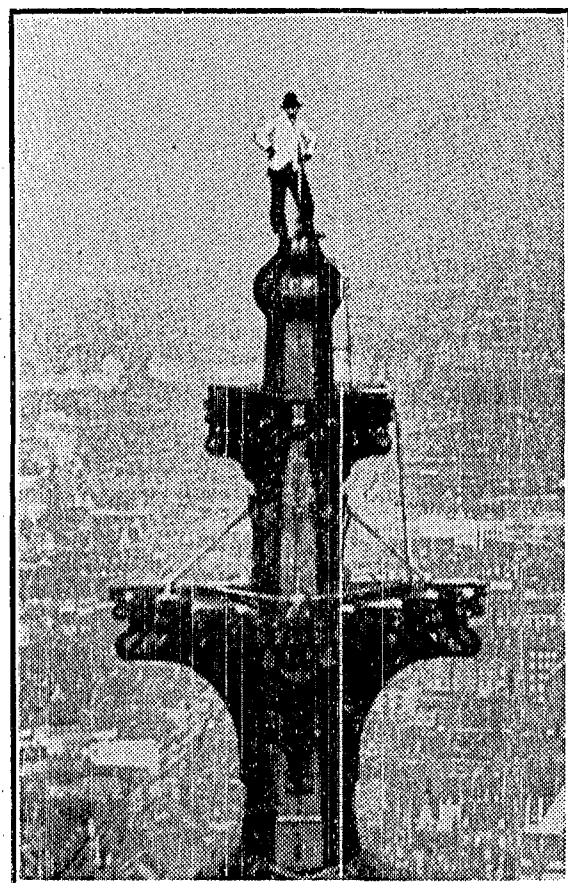
TOMB FOR PHARAOHS · SCHOOLBOY OPHELIA · PLAYTIME IN CANADA



Resting-Place of Pharaohs—As already mentioned in the C.N. mummies of old Pharaohs are to be buried in the new mausoleum erected for Zaghlul Pasha. Here is a photograph of the impressive new tomb near Cairo.



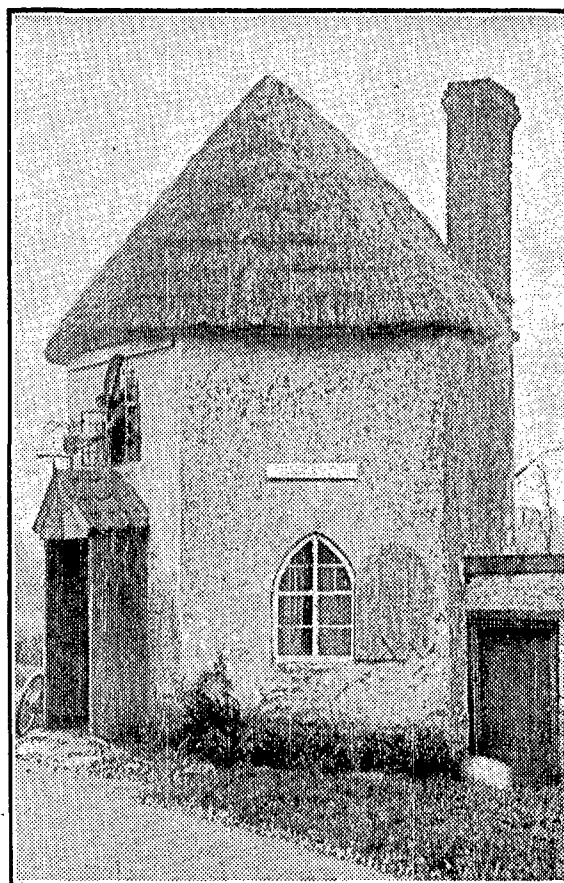
A Snowball Fight—Instead of going to Switzerland this year for winter sports many English people are going to Canada, where there is always plenty of snow in winter. Here is a merry scene photographed in Quebec recently.



A Test of Nerve—Cologne Cathedral is showing signs of decay and workmen are now engaged on renovations. Here is one of the men standing on top of the cathedral's tallest spire, more than 500 feet above the streets.



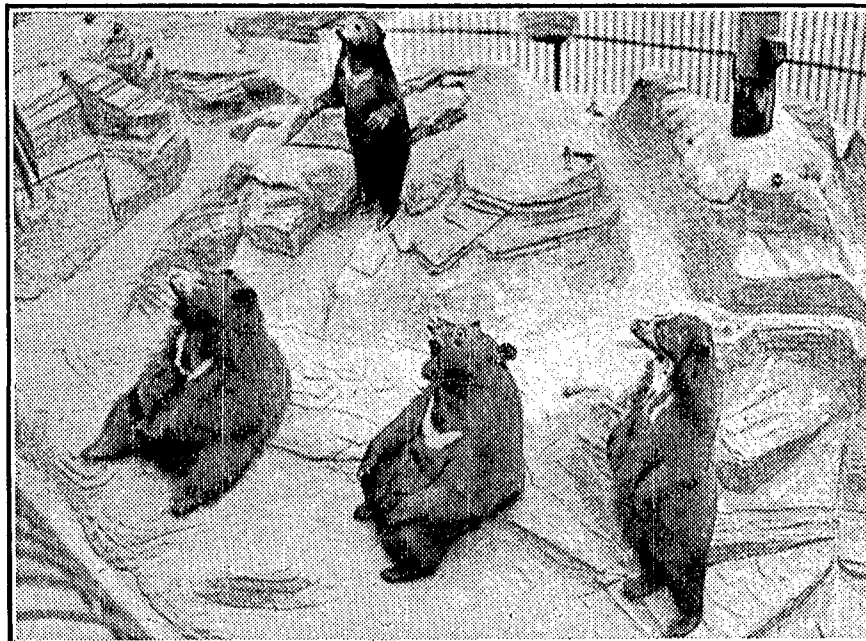
Schoolboy Ophelia—When Hurstpierpoint School produced Hamlet all the characters were impersonated by boys. J. N. Perkins, aged 16, made a charming Ophelia.



A Quaint House—A picturesque old toll house which is known as the Round House, at Stanton-Drew in Somerset, is now the home of a miner and his family, who occupy it for a rental of only a shilling a year.



Well Cleared—Three college girls of Sydney show how to clear the tape with easy grace when taking part in a jumping contest at their School Sports.



Expectation—These bears on the Mappin Terraces at the London Zoo were very interested in some visitors who they suspected had brought some tit-bits for them.

ZOO TEA PARTY TRAGEDY

PEGGY IS NO MORE

The Sea Lion Who Turns a Somersault

THE BABIES AND THE EGGS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Peggy the chimpanzee has died.

Peggy, with little Boo-Boo and great big Jimmy, delighted many visitors to the Zoo last summer. These three had a tea-table on the members' lawn, and many a child (and grown-up, too) learned good table manners from little Peggy. She never snatched her food or gobbled it up rudely, and she would shake hands with her young visitors like a little princess.

Our chill English climate has proved too much for Peggy, and in spite of the most tender nursing her keeper could give her she did not recover.

Young Bill's Star Turn

The death has also been reported of Old Bill, the Zoo's largest sea lion. But far from being dead this prominent figure in the sea lions' pond is very much alive. It is his son Young Bill who has passed away.

Old Bill came to the Gardens in 1919, and ever since has been growing fatter and more impressive each year.

Young Bill was almost as distinguished as his father, but for another reason. Although the Zoo's sea lions are never petted or hand-fed by visitors, their official feeding-time is one of the most popular features of the Gardens; large crowds gather to watch these aquatic animals swim and dive for herrings. At these times Bill Junior was the star turn.

Catching Food in Mid-Air

As soon as he saw the keeper approaching with a bucket of herrings it was Bill's habit to climb on to the highest rock and then, when a herring was thrown in his direction, he would dive and catch the fish in mid-air.

Sometimes he even turned a somersault for a second catch if one came his way before he reached the water. The moment his dive was over he swam rapidly back to land, climbed on the rock, and repeated the performance.

Bill was trained to dive and catch food in mid-air by his keeper, and those who are grieved at his death and feel that the sea lions' feeding-time will not be the same without him may be slightly consoled to hear that the keeper hopes to train another young sea lion to perform Bill's great trick.

At one time Old Bill did this star turn himself, but as he grew older and fatter he retired in favour of an understudy.

Two Baby Penguins

The Zoo's Christmas babies were two black-footed penguins. They were hatched a few days before Christmas, and as neither fog nor frost upsets them they are progressing well. Unlike their adult relations, they do not wear well-fitting garments and immaculate white shirts, but are completely black and fluffy. Not until they begin to grow up will they look like fat little men in evening dress.

It is hoped that the Birds-of-Prey Aviaries will soon be exhibiting chicks, for a pair of milky eagle owls are suspected of having eggs hidden in their sleeping-box. Recently the keeper noticed that these large African birds were irritable, and determined to keep him away from the sleeping-box; then they became aggressive, and at last they were so bad-tempered that it was impossible to enter their cage. To get a glimpse of the inside of their sleeping-box was impossible at the time this was written, but the keeper was convinced that it must contain eggs, otherwise the birds would not be so ferocious. Never before have a pair of eagle owls tried to provide the menagerie with youngsters.

THE NATION WITHOUT A PARLIAMENT

A Protest

It was last August that the C.N. printed a leading article entitled Three Months Without Parliament, which opened with these words:

Parliament has given itself a holiday of nearly three months. We search our minds in vain for the name of any other institution or business which, even in normal times, closes down for three months.

Everyone knows that the affairs of the nation need the closest and most anxious attention at this time. Public affairs have become so urgent, and are attended with so much anxiety, that it is difficult to imagine a responsible man taking his hand off the levers.

Further we went on to say:

The Government would have been well advised to set the nation an example in these troubled days by calling on Parliament to sit in continuous session.

The Situation Today

It was the only protest, we believe, that was recorded in English journalism against the closing down of Parliament at a time of crisis. Yet a few weeks after these words were published Parliament, which had been so unwisely dissolved, was hastily called together again to meet a crisis which had been all along in existence, and which was followed by the resignation of the Government, the formation of a new one, and a General Election!

We now venture to repeat our protest. The new Parliament has adjourned in the face of a crisis graver still than that of August. Our belief is that the nation is living in a condition of extreme urgency, and that Parliament should be sitting all the time, studying in all their detail measures the nation needs.

Parliamentary institutions are on trial, and those who revere Parliament would do well in these days to make it a living reality. Issues of terrible importance are before us, and Parliament should set an example to the nation by attending to its business. If Parliament is not wanted now, when is it wanted? If it cannot find work to do now, when should it work at all?

OUR FIRST ARTIST

A Reynolds Statue in London

SIR JOSHUA OF BURLINGTON HOUSE

Without any ceremony, on a dark December evening, a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds was unveiled in the courtyard of Burlington House.

It is by Alfred Drury, and shows England's greatest artist with his brush and palette.

If we enter the building and mount the stairs to the Diploma Gallery we can see the actual palette Reynolds used, and the chair on which his sitters sat while he painted their portraits.

When, in 1768, a group of painters decided to form an Academy, and obtained the patronage of George the Third, they asked Reynolds to be their first president. For nearly 24 years he led them with a tact and an authority which enabled the Royal Academy of Arts to take a leading position among our institutions.

The king knighted Reynolds before the first exhibition in 1769, and two years later gave the Academy rooms in his palace of Somerset House.

It is surprising that no monument to its first and most illustrious president has been erected at the Royal Academy until now, but no monument can express the great personality of this wonderful painter and teacher. As with Wren, we must look at his works if we would seek his monument.

Picture on page 9

Nottingham Odd Minute Society has raised over £20 by selling articles made in spare time.

LET US BE FRIENDLY

Two Rulers Show the Way

The courtesy of one Arab ruler to another in Arabia has resulted in the settlement of an old dispute which threatened war, and the gift of the disputed territory to the ruler who had the good sense to try what friendliness could do.

The Imam of Yemen, a country in the south-west of Arabia, had been long disputing the ownership of the Aro Mountains, which divide his territory from the Hejaz, over which rules the Wahabi king, Ibn Saud. The holy cities of Mecca and Medina are in Ibn Saud's domain, and he is ruler of the more important country.

The negotiations had broken down when the Imam had an idea. He sent a telegram to Ibn Saud asking him to act as judge in the dispute, and agreeing to accept his decision.

The King of the Hejaz was so delighted with this compliment to his judgment and fairness, and was so anxious to live in peace with his neighbours, that he decided the matter against himself and assigned the Aro Mountains to the Imam of Yemen, and now all is peace once more.

See World Map

YOUTH AT THE HELM

A YOUNG MAN OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

It is often said in these days that no young men are coming forward to take their place among the rulers of the nation, but Devonport has given us a reminder of at least one exception to this rule.

It has just built a hall which was opened with a golden key and named the Hore-Belisha Hall as a tribute to its young M.P.

Yet Mr Leslie Hore-Belisha is still not halfway through his thirties; he must surely be the youngest man in England to have a hall named after him.

We believe he was at one time, while still about halfway through the twenties, the only Liberal Member of Parliament in the south of England, and he is now distinguishing himself in the highly-important post of Under-Secretary to the Board of Trade, where he is Mr Runciman's right-hand man.

Having the good fortune to be a journalist, and so interested in everything, Mr Hore-Belisha finds the world a marvellous place to live in, and the future marvellously attractive.

As we are talking of young men it is interesting to know that his own Parliamentary secretary is five years younger than himself; he is Lord Elmley, the heir to the Beauchamp earldom and M.P. for East Norfolk. Mr Hore-Belisha is 33 and Lord Elmley is 28.

THE WRONG KIND OF SPARROWS

A Blunder That Cannot Be Repaired

The little brown and grey house sparrow is as common in New Zealand as it is in England, perhaps more common. There are millions of sparrows there, and they take a big toll of the crops of grain.

Now there would not have been any house sparrows in New Zealand if it were not that "someone had blundered." Someone in England sent out a consignment of house sparrows instead of hedge sparrows.

The hedge sparrow, of course, is not so troublesome to grain-growers as the house sparrow, but they are so much alike that apparently no one knew that a mistake had been made until the sparrows had been liberated in New Zealand in 1875.

There are a few hedge sparrows in New Zealand, but there are millions of greedy house sparrows.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

A Tale of Three Cats

FINDING A HOME FOR A HALF-STARVED KITTEN

This story of three cats reaches us from a lady in Hampshire. We give it as an odd example of the small adventures that befall our dumb friends, and as a curious case of antipathy in the animal world.

It was one of the few lovely evenings we had last year.

I was taking a walk away from all habitation so that I might enjoy the last of the daylight, when, as I was passing a small group of houses, I heard a pitiful cry and saw two frightened eyes gazing through the hedge. They belonged to a half-starved, timid kitten. It took me some time to catch it. I asked at all the houses round if the kitten belonged there, but no one knew it, though one woman said she had heard a kitten crying for three or four nights! Another suggested that it might have come from a house now empty. But none of these folk had taken pity on the poor thing, and it had been left to starve.

Winkle's Hunger Strike

I brought it home, gave it some milk, and made it comfortable, much to the disgust of my own cat Winkle, who refused to come in the house or to eat any food, so jealous was he of a half-starved kitten.

I searched in vain for the home of this poor kitten. No one had lost it, and all had cats and did not want another. Yet find a home for it I must, as Winkle persisted in his hunger strike, and I could not think of losing him. I told my story to an errand-boy, and promised him a shilling if he could find a home for pussy.

The next night came a knock at the door; it was my errand-boy. He had found "a very kind old gentleman who had lost his kitten and was broken-hearted." He did not know his name, only his address. I decided to take the kitten to him the next morning.

The Kind Old Gentleman

But half an hour later back came my errand-boy bringing with him "the kind old gentleman." I produced the kitten, and his face lit up as he put out his hand and said "Oh, Timmy, I am glad!" Then his face fell sadly, and he said "This is not Timmy!" With tears in his eyes he told me that Timmy was his great companion, and had not been home for several days.

Once more I set out on my quest, for Winkle was now growing ill, still refusing to come into the house or to take food. At last I found a woman who took pity on the poor kitten, and it is now in her comfortable home.

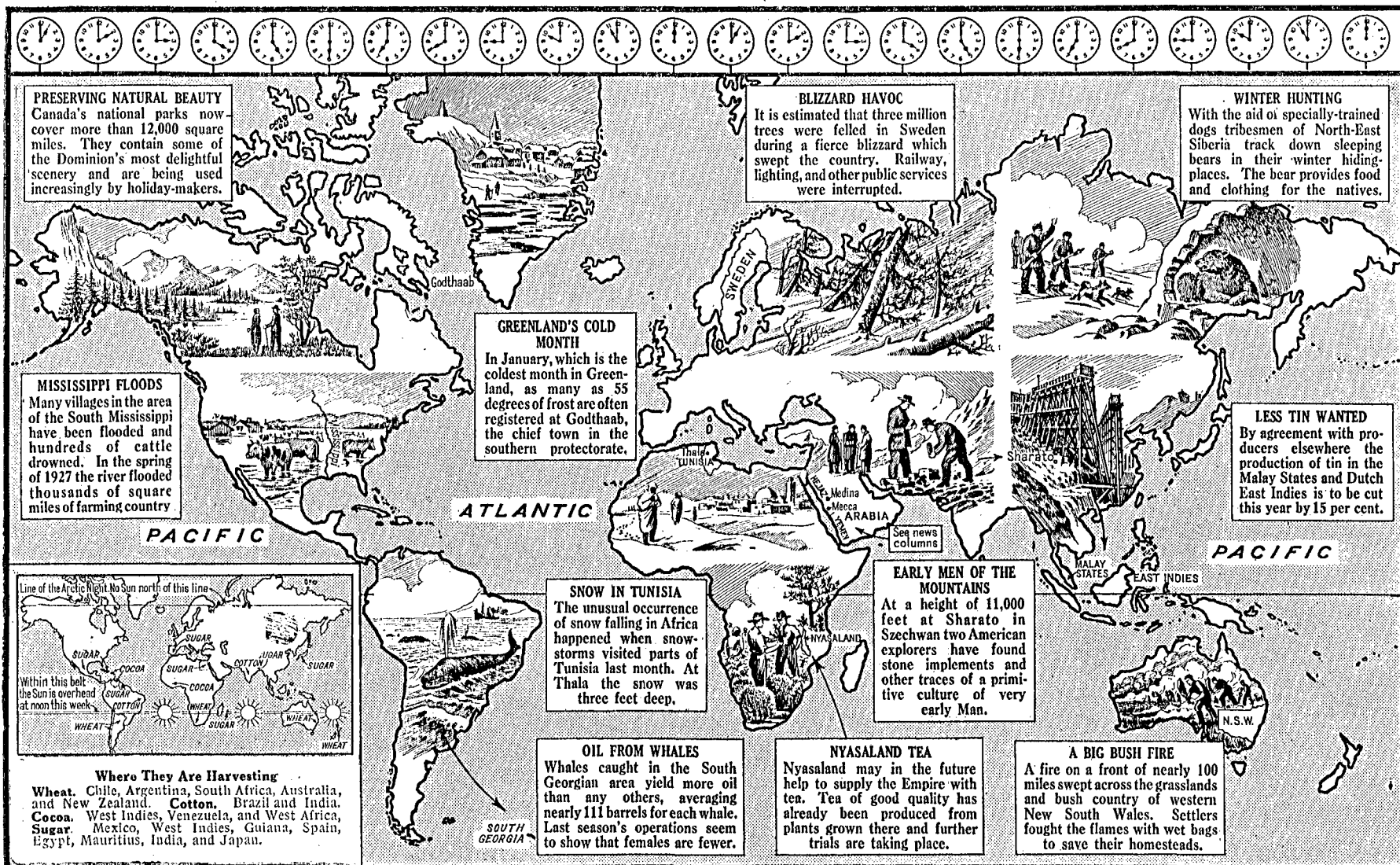
Winkle is happy again, purring on the hearth, and the "kind old gentleman" has been to say that Timmy has come back and that he is very happy. The errand-boy has had his shilling and is happy too, so that all is well, and we may hope that the three cats will live happily ever after for the rest of their lives.

A VERY STRANGE STORY

Long-Lost Treasures Return

Just 26 years ago the treasure of the church of St Nicholas in the French town of Nancy mysteriously disappeared. Beautiful ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones, sacred relics of saints, jewelled crosses, a silver statue of St Nicholas given by King Louis the Fourteenth, were stolen. Now, on St Nicholas's Day in the year just past, they as mysteriously reappeared. Some unknown person had put them back. We wonder whether the place where they had lain hidden all these years will ever be known, whether the story of their flight and their return will ever be told.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SHOPS AS SCHOOLS Odd Sight in Paris and Berlin

Behind the plate-glass windows of some Paris shops, and also behind the windows of shops in Berlin, boys and girls may now be seen at their lessons while the master or mistress is seated at the cashier's desk.

This unusual sight is due to a sudden increase in the number of children attaining school age in the two cities and the shortage of school buildings. The authorities have in these circumstances rented empty shops and turned them into classrooms.

It must be very strange sitting in a dairy or an old confectioner's to do sums, with the shop bell ringing every time anyone comes in.

One thing, of course, is missing, and that is the playground, but these school-shops face each other, and in quiet districts the street is sometimes used for games.

Picture on page 9

A MONSTER OF THE TRENT

At Beeston, near Nottingham, a gravel company is dredging the bed of the Trent. Some time ago the men brought to the surface the tusk of some gigantic prehistoric animal. The other day they were working again in the same place, and this time they unearthed two teeth in a perfect state of preservation and of such a size that Professor Swinnerton said they undoubtedly belonged to the same animal as a tusk already found. Local animal historians have become enthusiastic over this second discovery, which seems to bear out the theory that somewhere beneath the waters of the Trent may be a complete skeleton of one of those extinct giants of the animal kingdom which were roaming about this country thousands of years ago.

There is some talk of starting a planned investigation of the river bed in the hope that this skeleton will be found.

INTO THE GORILLA'S WORLD Cameras and Talkies

A strange exploring party recently left New York for the Belgian Congo in charge of Commander Gatti.

It is armed with special long-range cinematograph cameras and talking-picture apparatus, the idea being to study the language of the gorillas.

Commander Gatti has already led seven expeditions into the gorilla country, and he has observed what he thinks is some form of speech between the animals. The special cameras he has taken with him will enable him to take "close-ups" of the gorillas, large portraits which, with the sound accompaniment, will make it possible to study the movements of the lips.

This is quite a novel line of attack on an old problem, for many unsuccessful attempts have been made in the past to learn the language of the apes. That they have some primitive form of language has long been believed, and a study of the talking close-ups will probably reveal something of it.

OLD CHEERFUL Hitting an Engine

"I don't reckon to go about stopping steam-engines," said Edward Wilks.

He is 81, and he was knocked down by a railway engine in Worksop Station. For three hours he was unconscious, but now he is back at work as a parcels delivery agent.

It is a nice job, but not his real one. At 14 he left a London workhouse to go to sea, and he became skipper of a fishing trawler. Once he was wrecked, and lived on the Dogger Bank for three weeks with only one dish on the bill of fare, and that biscuits soaked in paraffin. So he told an interviewer that he took a lot of killing, but still he didn't reckon to stop steam-engines.

Good luck to this staunch and sturdy son of London.

ONE OF THE BEST CHRISTMAS STORIES

One of the best Christmas stories we read was of the touching incident which happened just before Christmas in the East End.

The Queen had gone there to open a hostel for penniless women. The place had been a school, but the Salvation Army converted it, at a cost of £32,900, into the largest shelter for women in the whole of London.

As she was inspecting beds, baths, and kitchens a man came up to the Queen and said that he and his mates had been working on the building and had thought what a dreary thing it was to be homeless at Christmas. So they had collected among themselves £25 to give a Christmas treat to the poor souls who would seek this shelter at a time when others were feasting.

It was a noble piece of self-denial, and it must have had its reward in a happy Christmas for these good men.

BEETLES AND THINGS

Beetles and Things. By Olwen Bowen. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. (Elkin Mathews. 5s.)

There are Nature books to read by the thousand, but a few there are to love. This is one of the few.

In the midst of a busy Christmas we heard a few pages read from it, and it seemed to us that it must all be sheer delight to the little ones, with touches of prettiness and tenderness and merriment, and much real natural history, which we hope will send it far and wide.

TURKEY'S SACRIFICE

Turkey has agreed to sacrifice its national drink, which is coffee, as one of the means of overcoming its troubles.

A Bill is to be passed prohibiting the importation of coffee, none of which is grown in Turkey.

DRAWING A PENSION 80 YEARS The Boy Taken By the Press Gang

We were wondering the other day whether anyone has drawn a pension longer than Mr George Powe of North Weald in Essex, who retired from the Grenadier Guards in 1879 and has been enjoying his pension ever since.

We congratulate Mr George Reynolds of Cambridge, for he has beaten this record, and we know he will see these lines, for his daughter takes the C.N. Mr Reynolds is no older than Mr Powe; they are both 95, but he wins by four years. He was discharged from the Royal Marines in 1875, after 21 years service, and is still able to enjoy the joke.

Still, what is a pension of 56 years compared with the record of Mr James Edmonds, the grandfather of a C.N. reader at Everton in Hampshire? He and his elder brother, aged nine and eleven, were out playing one day when they were taken by a Press Gang. James served till he was sixteen, and then, owing to an accident to his hand, was pensioned from the Navy.

He lived to be 96, and so drew his pension for eighty years.

A BREATH OF SPRING To Help Us Through Winter

It was a few weeks before Christmas.

"There's a crocus out in the garden," said someone.

"I've primroses in my room," said someone else.

And a third sat down to write to the Editor of the C.N. that she had found a starling's egg on the newly-mown lawn.

Growing grass, bird's eggs, flowers in the garden—Spring had surely enough beaten Christmas or was it Christmas weather we were having in the summer? "It is the Reformed Calendar we hear so much about," Peter Puck whispered to one of his cronies.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 9 1932

American Papers Please Copy

THE American Parliament has declared in plain words that it will not cancel or reduce any debts owing to it by foreign countries.

It seems to us that not only France but America is forgetting. Let us look at the facts.

What took place was that America, when she came into the war, lent guns, ammunition, food, and stores to her European Allies to help them to fight. She could not fight herself because she had no army, and the war was at its very end. The fighting material she sent to Europe was, of course, immediately used up by the European soldiers. *Not a vestige of those debts remains.*

Yet the war prices of those goods sent to Europe were written down formally in the nation's books as the owing of so much money.

The war prices were terribly high, and bore no reasonable relation to ordinary commercial prices, but now America demands and receives payment for those high-priced goods in money, although prices have fallen so low that Europe has to pay back far more than she ever received.

It is astonishing that the American people do not perceive that their demands upon Europe are ruining the world.

Unfortunately for us, our Government acts as a debt collector for America. Our War Debts policy was that we desired to cancel them all. As America did not agree, we took up the generous attitude that *we would not demand from France, Italy, or our other European debtors a sum more than enough to meet the call America made upon us.*

This decision we have faithfully carried out, and so we collect from our European Allies the sum needed to satisfy the American demands. This, in effect, makes us debt collectors for America. Receiving not a penny ourselves, we yet have to demand from our European Allies in the war the sums necessary to send across the Atlantic. This yearly sum is now £33,000,000, apart from currency changes. In addition to what she thus receives from us America collects directly in Europe another £15,000,000 a year. In a few years the total payments of Europe to America rise to a million pounds a week.

It remains to add that these War Debt agreements do not expire until 1988. That is to say the American Parliament demands that Europe is to go on with these amazing agreements for 56 years more. A boy of 15 is to go on paying America until he is 71.

The aggregate demand of America on Europe, up to 1988, amounts to £4582,000,000 in gold pounds. It is more than all the gold in the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Saving the World

THE Bishop of London was in a train the other day and this is what a fellow-passenger said to him. The speaker was one of the most famous financiers in the world.

We financiers cannot save the world. We can only save it if you Christian people will help us. If you can replace suspicion and hatred by trust and love you can save the world.

The next move in saving the world seems to be with the Bishop.

Their Point of View

WE have been reading about a man who went through life heartening everybody. We like particularly this story about him.

Once an old and formal clergyman said to him after a discussion: "I hope you are praying that all these young people may be brought round to our point of view."

But this good man replied: *I am busy praying that I may see their point of view.*

On a Giant About To Fall

It held high meeting with the stars, It saw the swift clouds pass, Its arms have grappled with the winds, Its strong feet deep in grass.

But change, that one unchanging law, Says now that it must go, For man this day has branded it That he may lay it low.

And though its sweetness is destroyed, Of greater use twill be; So bless the man who fells, though more The man who plants a tree.

Our Town Girl

Granny Comes Home From the Talkies

GRANNY goes up once a year to see how London is getting on. She is just home from her winter visit, and is thrilled over her experience at an American film.

She reports that a tremendous change has come over the actors. Last year, she said, they looked more or less like the people one meets; this year they had all grown a foot or two! They were all giants, thin as cigars.

The women were even more slim than the men! The heads of the actors were distorted also; and most absurdly high and narrow.

"I approve of the change, which is obviously contrived by some trick of the camera," Granny said in her decided way; and then she pulled her old-fashioned shawl over her old-fashioned broad shoulders as she added: "The stories told in these films are so far away from real life that it is fitting that quite a new race should act in them."

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world. Jesus

Back to 1919

IF we go back to the national idealism which marked the closing stages of the Great War, and believe that our task is to create the beginnings of a new and better civilisation, we shall find a way out of the world crisis far quicker than any of us imagines.

Mr Wickham Steed

The Truth For the Papers

IF I were Dictator I would make it compulsory for the newspapers to insert the truth about all facts of political importance.

Mr G. Lowes Dickinson

Tip-Cat

IT is possible to get rid of sleepiness by talking, we are told. Unless you talk in your sleep.

AN employer says he sums up people by their faces. Doesn't he take figures into account?

WHAT is necessary to the expert needlewoman? asks a correspondent. A good eye.

SOMEONE complains that railway stations don't look like railway stations. The trouble is that some of them do.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If post-office pens come up to the scratch

A SQUARE milk-jug has been made. Useful when the milk will not go round.

A NEW YORK chemist has discovered how to make cloth from glass. If we get too much we can break the monotony.

Too many women are the slaves of Fashion. Others have to make

their old clothes serve.

BAG-MAKING is skilled work. Unskilful workers get the sack.

CHILDREN'S socks are dearer. But they will come down.

WE have heard of an American who takes size 16 in boots. His sole accomplishment.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A MILLION and a half people have signed the Disarmament petition in this country.

A LEGACY of £30,000 has been received by the National Art Collections Fund from Mr Hans Velten.

IN memory of Mr Bernhard Baron £36,000 has just been distributed among charitable institutions.

JUST AN IDEA

Love one another. One thing is certain beyond all else—love can only cause happiness.

New Year Hope

CHRISTMAS has gone. The old year's days are over, And yet they hover round us, still alive, Like bees who bring their honey from the clover And store its fragrant memory in the hive.

THE year is gone, so shall we then regret it, Or pine for summer days that gaily passed? The time will come when we shall all forget it; The sweetest day was never meant to last.

AND yet a seed is left within each bosom, The seed of hope that firmly takes its root To grow in tender green, to spread and blossom; And one day we shall taste its glorious fruit.

BE patient, heart! The time is surely coming, Look forward gaily to that unknown hour When all our days shall like the bees go humming, Working with joy in freedom's honeyed flower. Estelle Boughton

Eros is on His Throne

Eros, the little Cupid who reigns over the kingdom of Piccadilly, is back on his throne after an exile of about six years.

WHERE the great Piccadilly lights are flashing to and fro, Once more across the street of streets young Love now shoots his bow.

EROS! We named you god of love (the god who cannot die); We who grow older greet your youth as we are passing by

AND, since life is a racecourse, in which Love should win the race, We winged your form and gave you speeding feet and eager pace. Marjorie Wilson

C.N. Philosophies

Patience

PATIENCE is not an inspiring word at first. It sounds slow, indolent, passive, almost negative; something like a vain expectation. But that is only what we make of it, for in its very essence patience is a great power.

The root of the word is from the Sanskrit name of a plant used as a tonic thousands of years ago, a slow-acting tonic.

Patience is a form of activity. It is the courage of every day. It is the art of hoping.

Socrates considered that the patience he had constantly to exercise toward his unhappy wife was a vital discipline to his philosophy. Scholars declare that patience is the structure of all great realisations. A thinker wrote that Genius is one long patience. The Bible says patience is the trial of faith.

It is undoubtedly the mother of experience, and one of the strongest pillars of tranquillity and peace.

HAIL 1932

NEW LIFE FOR THE LEAGUE

The Great Failure of the Council at Geneva Last Year UNEQUAL TO ITS OPPORTUNITY

By Our League Correspondent

Good riddance to 1931, a year of sore trial for many, not least for the League of Nations.

The Manchurian trouble was a test case which taught a very clear lesson, not that a League of Nations is no good (far from it) but that we need a very much better one than we have.

The actual course to be followed when a State in the League breaks its promises and goes to war is clearly stated in the Covenant. First, every possible effort must be made to restore peace by reminding the State of its obligations, by demanding withdrawal of troops, and so on, efforts which proved entirely effective in the dispute between Greece and Bulgaria in 1925, both small States and nearer at hand.

The Two Last Steps

But, if this be of no avail, then ambassadors must be withdrawn. Japan, we feel sure, would have been far too proud to suffer that indignity. The mere suggestion would have been enough, but it was never even made. The Council was too anxious to spare the feelings of a Great Power.

The third step, if the first two fail, is to break off all relations of every kind, trade, commerce, and finance, and to leave the offending State isolated and alone. The fourth step is to apply military and naval force. These two last steps are known as sanctions. The first of them is impossible in practice until we have a universal League. The United States and Russia, not yet being members, would merely capture all the trade that other countries gave up. The second is contrary to the whole League idea of replacing force by some better method of settling disputes.

Worse Without the League

But, whatever the difficulties of the Covenant, it was the weakness of the Council, of the fourteen men who sit on it and represent fourteen Governments, which was the chief cause for consternation. Japan's conflict with China was a matter on which a certain settlement was reached. We hope that, without too much delay, troops will be withdrawn. We hope the international observers on the spot will faithfully and fearlessly carry out their duties. We hope, though a little less surely, that justice may be done to China. But the situation would have been infinitely worse had there been no League.

Need for More Courage

But Japan's conflict with the Council was another matter. Having broken her pledges in the Covenant and the Pact, she continued unashamed and unrebuked, except in words. She kept the Council shilly-shallying for ten weeks and then went scot-free. Her diplomats and military men need not trouble to laugh in their sleeves; they can do it openly; there will be no one to stop them.

We need a League of Nations more than ever, but with courageous men to direct its destinies. We need world co-operation more than ever, but with people who will put the principle into practice. The League idea of co-operation between countries, in preparation for a coming world community, stands unshaken. We must hope greatly that 1932 and all future years will produce men and women big enough to turn a great idea into a great reality.

MARY LUNDIN'S SURPRISE

JUST 29 years ago Samuel Edelberg, an emigrant from Germany, arrived in Montreal without the four dollars he needed for an entrance fee into Canada. Without it he must have been sent back to Europe.

None of the other immigrants in the crowded steerage would lend him the money except Mrs Mary Lundin, an Austrian he had never seen before.

The years passed. Edelberg crossed over to the United States and became a prosperous business man. He tried for long to find his benefactor and to repay the loan, but in vain. All he could remember was her name and her native village in the Tyrol.

Mr Edelberg is one of the Scout Commissioners in the State of New York, and not long ago he took a trip to Europe in the interests of the Boy Scout Movement. It was his first trip since that voyage nearly thirty years ago, and he made a point of visiting the village of the lady who had helped him.

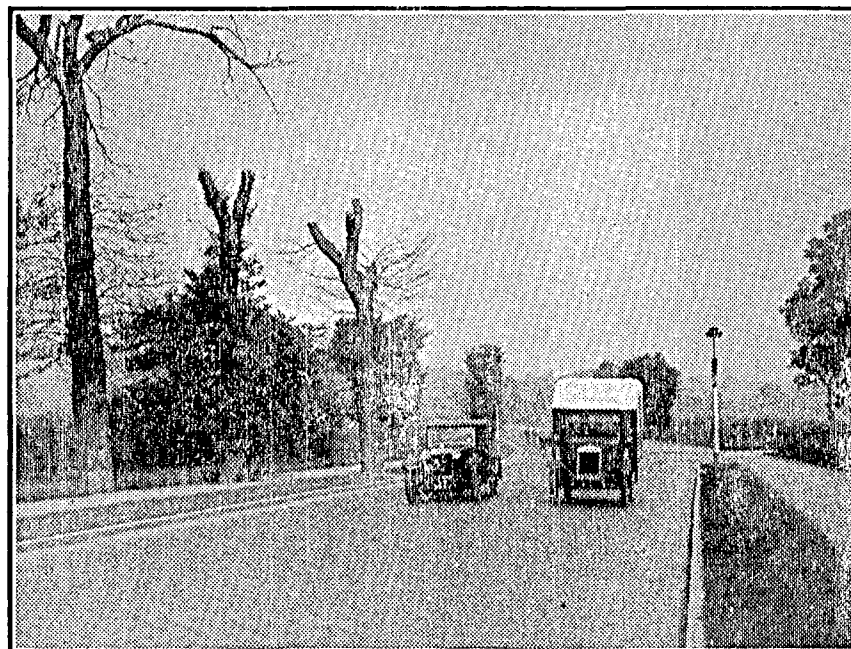
The village is no longer under Austrian rule, but he found a sister of Mrs Lundin, and from her he learned that his benefactor was living in Long Island, not far from his own home near New York.

He was delighted, and so was kind Mrs Lundin, who received a surprise visit and a handsome cheque soon after Mr Edelberg returned to America.

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS



On the Watford Road between Sudbury and Harrow three years ago



The same section of the road as it appears today

THE ZOO ON THE STAGE

BUCKIE'S BEARS is a Zoo play by a boy of seven, all about fairies, clowns, bears, and pirates.

When Harry Buffkins Roe went to the Zoo he made up his mind to write a play about Sam and Barbara, the polar bears, and he dictated it to his nurse. His mother, Erica Fay, helped him to put the scenes together, and a London producer liked it so much that he said he would produce it. So here it is, at the Royalty Theatre in the afternoons.

The story is of Buckie and Rosella, who have the kind of father who will not believe in fairies. One day the Fairy Queen arrives and takes them to the Zoo. She lets the polar bears, Sam and Barbara, out of their cage and puts the

keeper in instead. The more he shouts for help the more they pelt him with buns.

Then the bears and Buckie and Rosella go to Fairyland. The father and a comic policeman come to look for them, but as they do not believe in Fairyland they cannot see anyone, and the fairies dance on them, to the delight of the audience.

The children and the bears afterwards ride on an iceberg to the North Pole, and there is a glittering scene of ice and snow. Some pirates turn up and there are exciting moments before they are thrown into the sea; but all ends happily, for the children's mother comes to find them. She can see them, as she believes in fairies, and she brings the children and the bears safely home. *Picture on page 9*

HELP US TO BUY BRITISH

A WEST END CASE

Enlist the Artist in the Service of Industry

MAKE IT WORTH WHILE

A London buyer who deals in goods of taste raises a point of much importance which should be taken to heart by our British manufacturers.

He is the buyer for the gift department of a West End shop, and so is in touch with sellers at home and abroad.

From time to time he has done his best to help trade by showing our manufacturers excellent goods which he has been compelled to buy abroad because they are in demand and because they are in good taste. His experience has not been very happy. While some of our people are helpful a great number are not. They give such replies as "We don't think much of them," or "We have never made such things," or "Your customers ought not to want that sort of thing," or "We have no market for your highbrow stuff."

American Lampshades

To give an actual instance, this buyer brought back from America £100 worth of beautiful American lampshades and showed them to an English manufacturer. He was rebuffed; the manufacturer was not only uninterested but indicated that the buyer had better continue to obtain them from abroad.

This anecdote is distressing, for we are bound to say that, though we know some admirable exceptions, the majority of the lampshades we see for sale are beneath contempt as articles of decoration. At lighting-up time a lampshade becomes the chief object in a room; either it is beautiful or it is not; either it is a fine decoration or a blot on the domestic scene.

Of the First Importance

The truth is that the days have gone by when we can sell freely either at home or abroad articles crudely designed and made. The world's taste is advancing, in spite of many signs we see in the papers and elsewhere to the contrary, and everywhere good design is looked for and demanded. It is of the first importance to enlist the artist in the service of industry.

This would be true even if trade did not depend upon it, for human life should be lived in an atmosphere of beauty, as the life of a bird is. Why should man, lord of creation, condescend to surround himself with ugliness?

That which is worth making is good to look upon, and that which is good to look upon is useful.

THE £ IS WORTH £1

The statement so often made in the newspapers that the £ is now worth only about 14s is very misleading.

The truth is that our going off the gold standard has made the pound worth, in exchange with nations still on the gold standard, about 14s, but at home the £ is worth as much as ever.

Prices at home have risen in some cases, but so little that the purchasing power of the pound in our home market, although a little less now than in November, is actually higher than a year ago.

According to the Ministry of Labour the cost of living for our working people has risen only about 2 per cent since November, and is about 5 per cent less than a year ago.

FEWER WEDDINGS

The condition of Germany has made a very big impression upon marriages in that country.

In the first half of last year the number of marriages was 70,000 fewer than the normal, and 30,000 less than in 1930.

THE NEW STRAND LONDON'S FAMOUS WAY CHANGING

A Few Blots Still There For
All to See

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS

The New Strand is slowly emerging from its scaffoldings, and in time is going to be something we can be proud of.

It has always seemed terrible that one of the most historic highways of London should have suffered so much from hand-to-mouth building and near-sighted enterprise, and in width correspond to some streets which a witty person has described as sheep walks adapted for tramways.

There was no sense of fitness at all in this royal road from the City of London to the City of Westminster being the home of cheap tailors and quack auction rooms, which would be better suited to the back streets of Pimlico or Poplar.

A Disgraceful Corner

In the slowly-widening Strand there are still some foul blots. There is the extremely ridiculous front of the Adelphi Theatre, which looks as if someone had bought some scraps of tin from the Caledonian Market and turned them into a building overnight. There is that clutch of shops at the corner of Waterloo Bridge, wedged in between the Strand and the Wellington Street façades of Somerset House. Architecturally that corner is indeed a disgrace, and cries out to whatever powers there be to put it right and make it dignified. The corner should be built up as an addition to Somerset House.

But the Aldwych Island, ringed with trees, is emerging as something superb. This central block, which draws the eye all the way down Kingsway and bears the beautiful dedication To the Friendship of English-speaking Peoples, has now on either hand a little balustraded gallery, open and dainty, set on pillars. Each gallery has two formal trees and a bank of flowers behind the balustrade.

An Inspiring Sight

Beyond these delightful features we have, on one hand, the east wing of Bush House, and, on the other, India House with its lovely coloured medallions and carved elephants making a fantasy on the ordered lines, the repose, of the huge block.

Now that the island is a traffic roundabout we get an inspiring sight of these buildings every time we go up the Strand. Before we are turned off the road we have time to see that lovely little church of St Mary-le-Strand in the fairway, standing up by Bush House like a topsail schooner berthed close by a man-of-war. We are taken round the island and come back into the Strand by Australia House and Sir Hamo Thornycroft's memorial of Gladstone, pass on by St Clement Danes in its island of greenery and the pinnacles of the Law Courts.

A Walk Down Fleet Street

It is because the Strand is such a place of wonder that we so sorely resent the mean aspect of certain stretches. There is no highway of London that fires the imagination more.

It begins really at St Paul's, goes down the hill and is called Fleet Street. It goes past St Bride's lovely steeple, the dignified newspaper houses, banks, offices, past the four little trees of Fleet Street and Elizabeth in her ruff and forgotten stateliness on St Dunstan's flags; past Temple Bar, where the king must stop and ask for the keys before he may enter the City in state; past the Law Courts, churches, Aldwych, past that delightful little backwater Essex Street and the water stairs, King's College, Somerset House, and on, out of

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN BUDAPEST

A Teacher's Good Fortune

Miss Esther Vass, who lives with her invalid mother in the South-Eastern plains of Hungary, near the school where she teaches over eighty boys and girls, is considered one of the happiest young women in Hungary.

She opened a letter one morning to find that she was the owner of a lovely little house in one of Budapest's most fashionable residential quarters.

Many a lady of Budapest had taken her daily walk past this house while it was being built, eyeing it eagerly in the hope that one day it would be hers; for a Hungarian weekly paper had promised this house and a similar one each succeeding year to one of its readers.

A Man With a Golden Heart

It was not a sweepstake, for Hungarian law forbids real estate to be banded about in sweepstakes. The method adopted by the committee, composed of many great literary men, was kept secret. All we know is that this little house is called after the Hungarian novelist Jokai, and it is said that the owner was chosen by methods which would have delighted Jokai, whose chief characteristics were a rich imagination and a golden heart.

The decision was unanimously welcomed by all the readers, and we imagine that the work done by Miss Vass and her own character had a great deal to do with it. The house is to be let to a friend for a time, because Miss Vass has no intention of leaving her school and her children. She is much too interested in the work, which is certainly varied, for she teaches all the subjects and even looks after the religious instruction, which is obligatory in Hungarian schools and usually taught by clergymen.

SOMETHING WORTH SEEING

Someone who has lived for a considerable time in town discovered only lately the interesting fact that there is a Rodin Room in London.

Most of the work in that room was given by Rodin himself "in honour of the British soldiers who fought beside his countrymen in France."

These statues of Rodin are housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and, indeed, in that museum there are many other interesting things to be seen. For instance there is, among other aeroplanes of fame, the one in which Amy Johnson made her marvellous flight to Australia.

Yet one of the attendants there remarked the other day that of the visitors to the museum 75 per cent are foreigners, 15 per cent are country people, and the rest are Londoners. The person to whom this remark was made could not help remembering some words spoken lately by a famous judge in an after-dinner speech. He said that he had never been to the British Museum, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, or Madame Tussaud's. Did he say these things with pride? And is it not a prouder thing to say that one has seen the Rodin Room in London than to say that one has not?

Continued from the previous column

the air of scholarship and research and world dominion, into the new Strand.

There was a time when we could see Cleopatra's Needle through the gap made when the Cecil was pulled down. Then at the end there is something we have been looking for—a wide space, and light, and Nelson aloft, and alone, sailing the sky with one arm and one eye.

Down this road countless thousands of travellers have passed, peering from one landmark to the next. Perhaps before C.N. boys and girls are grown-up citizens our dream of a noble way called the Strand may have come true.

MYSTERY OF AN IRON CAGE

A Button Clue

Italy would be glad if England could solve a mystery for her.

What English sailor disappeared in Italy, and when?

In a newly-opened Italian museum of crime (open not to the public but to students of criminology) there is an iron cage. It was dug out of a ditch near the castle of Milazzo in Sicily a few years ago.

The law protected certain classes from being put to death, but if they offended they were put into this iron cage and no food was given to them. Thus they died, not from violence but from natural causes, and thus the spirit of the law was broken, but its letter was kept.

Near this cage were found some bones and a few buttons. All the buttons have the word "Enniskilling" and the number 27 written on the face, and "Covent Garden" on the back.

It is believed that they once were worn by an English sailor, and the curators of the museum would like to discover his story. How came he by this miserable end in a foreign land?

A FINE ACHIEVEMENT C.N. Readers and the Invalid Little Ones

If it had not been for a letter from the Invalid Children's Aid Association we should not have known of a fine piece of work achieved by C.N. readers.

Some years ago we helped to make known the charming Peter Rabbit collecting cards with spaces on which to stick unused postage stamps, of the value of one penny and upward, collected from friends. C.N. readers took up the idea, with enthusiasm, and so many boys and girls and grown-up readers sent for collecting cards that now the news has come that enough money has been made to endow three beds for children at the West Wickham Heart Home, and half the money has already been paid over toward a fourth bed.

This is encouraging news, and we hope that many other readers will take up the idea and send for collecting cards. They may be had from the secretary of the Association at 117, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

In 1930 the Association helped over 38,000 invalided and crippled children.

AUNT SALLY TO GO Not Wanted in Wiltshire and Devon

Wiltshire and Devonshire are to make a stand against Aunt Sally.

Wiltshire is going to forbid petrol pumps within a mile of Stonehenge. That great temple of the Past should stand in solitary grandeur on the plain, though the War Office has done its best to destroy its impressiveness.

Devonshire is going to prohibit petrol stations at its beauty spots. It is said that petrol pumps are springing up like mushrooms all over this lovely county, and that half of them are unwanted.

The man who puts up an unwanted station is taking away half the living of the man with a station near and cannot get a living from it himself. He is no use to anybody and is spoiling the view.

CANADA'S EMPTY SPACES

The population of Canada at the census taken last June was 10,354,000, an increase of 1,565,000 in ten years.

This growth of less than 157,000 a year still leaves the Dominion largely consisting, in the words of a great Canadian, of empty spaces.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

WAITING FOR THE TELEPHONE

IS YOUR BABY WELL?

What Our Country Girl Found
When She Was Lost

"TUESDAY AT THE WELFARE"

"If only we could telephone!" said the Country Girl.

They had been lost in the Blackmore Vale, in spite of a map and a car. But then the lovely lanes of the Vale are not meant to be hurried through. The travellers ought to have walked; it is true they might have been lost, but at any rate they could not have gone so very far astray.

Finally they did come on a cottage with a telephone, and were able to tell the old folks at home, for elevenpence, that they would be two and a half hours late in arriving.

An Unconventional Post Office

The post office was part of a living-room, cut off by matchboarding. From behind the partition came the wail of a very young baby, who fell asleep long before the call was put through. Grandpapa managed the post office, which consisted of one bit of counter board, 18 inches long and just wide enough to hold a telephone. Beyond it there was an old-fashioned desk bearing a big pair of scales, and a Windsor chair.

As the Country Girl waited for her call a notice confronted her:

IS YOUR BABY WELL AND HAPPY?

Is He Gaining Weight?

IF NOT

Don't stop at home and worry, but come to the Infant Welfare Centre. A doctor and nurse are ready to help and advise every Tuesday at 3.

It will be a relief to you to talk to someone about Baby.

What a fine thing it is to think of those notices scattered over all England!

A Boon for the Asking

Once only well-to-do mothers could afford expert advice for their babies; now any mother can have it for the asking. If the next generation is not a sounder, hardier, healthier one than the country has ever known before it will not be the fault of the Ministry of Health.

Pleasant it is to think of all the British babies now asleep by open windows, having just finished a digestible supper instead of cheese and cake, while mother sits knitting below, and does not worry, because it is a relief to talk to someone about Baby "at the Welfare" every Tuesday.

FRANCE AND THE WORLD

Now that world affairs are coming to a climax the position of France is all-important.

The French Prime Minister, M Laval, stated on November 26 that France had no intention whatever of consenting to any revision of War Reparations unless that revision was accompanied by corresponding reduction of War Debts. This is of such outstanding importance that we put M Laval's statements on record. They are:

1. France will insist on the maintenance of the unconditional portion of the Young Plan payments, and will insist on these being paid before Germany pays any private debts. (This refers to the fact that Germany owes enormous sums abroad apart from Reparations.)

2. Any rearrangement of Reparations must only be for a limited period.

3. Even during any such limited period France will only consent to a reduction of War Reparations if granted an equivalent reduction of War Debts. That is, she should pay less to Britain and America while receiving less from Germany.

Thus France maintains an attitude of complete opposition to any permanent revision of factors which are a menace to the world.

January 9, 1932

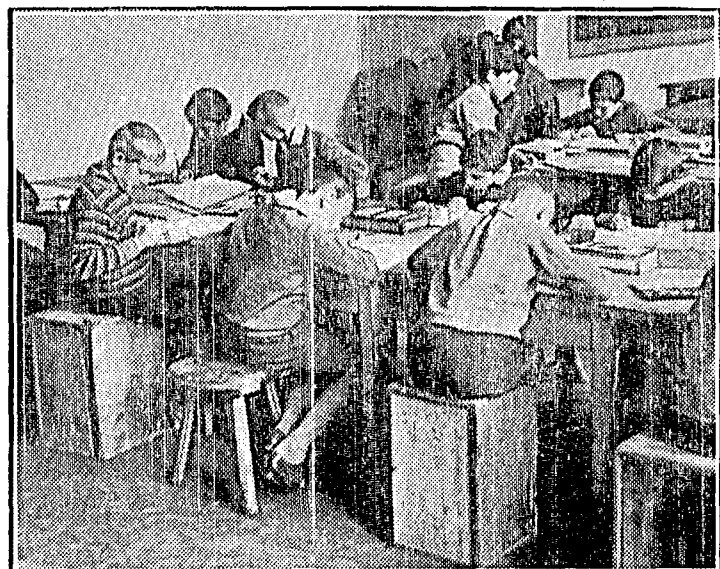
The Children's Newspaper

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SHOPS AS SCHOOLS · THE CAPE TABLECLOTH · BOY PLAYWRIGHT



The Flying Age—Here is a picture symbolical of the flying age. It was taken at Croydon Aerodrome one foggy day when a party of London messenger boys who are interested in flying were taken for their first flights. Some of the boys and other passengers who use the airways are watching a three-engine monoplane which is about to alight.



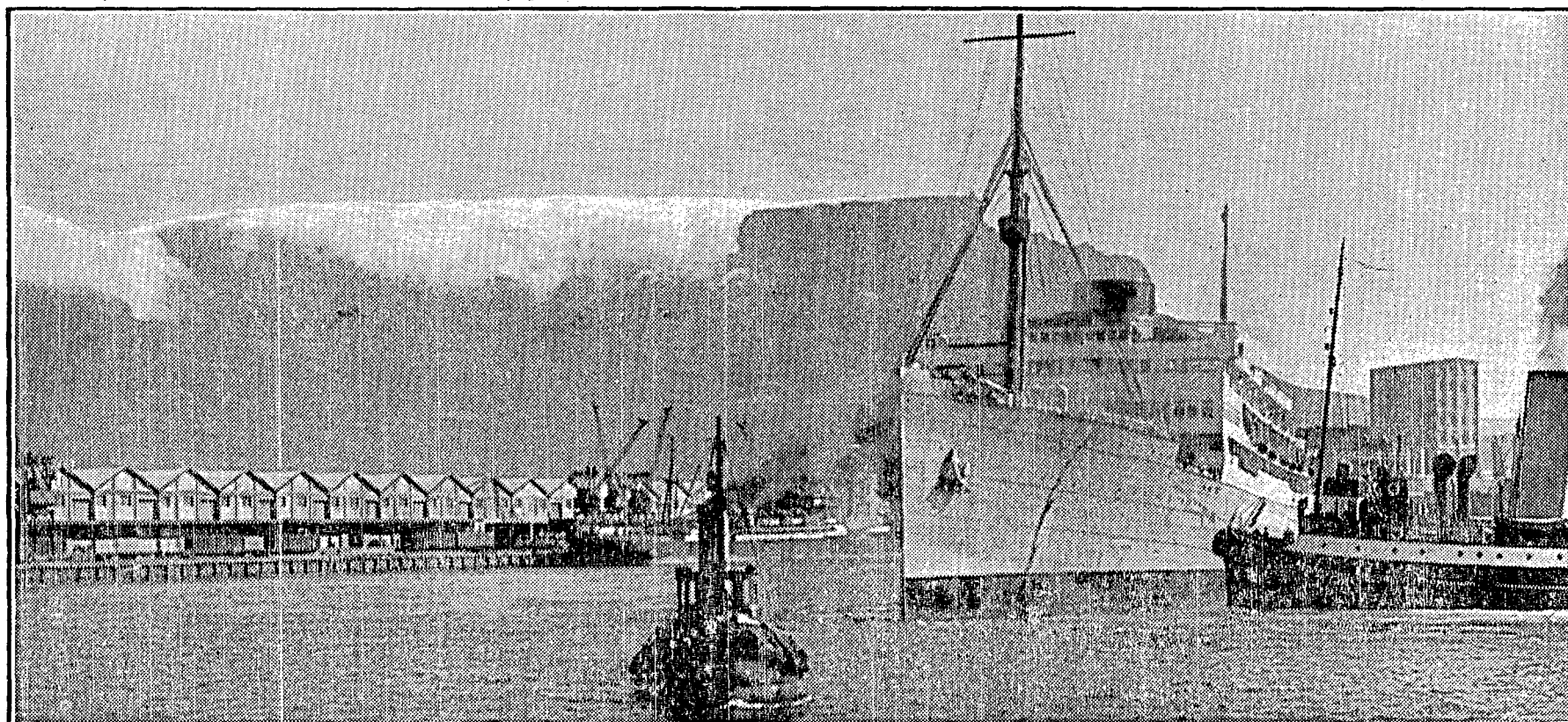
Shops as Schools—There is so little money to spare for education in Berlin that new school furniture is out of the question and in some classes the pupils sit on old boxes, as shown here. Owing to the shortage of schools even shops and restaurants are used as classrooms. See page 5.



The First P.R.A.—This statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in front of Burlington House, was unveiled one night. See page 4.



Buckle's Bears—A new play for children, all about fairies, clowns, bears, and pirates, and presented in London, was inspired by a visit of one of its authors to the Zoo. Seven-year-old Harry Buffkins Roe is seen here reading the play to some members of the cast. See page 7.



The Tablecloth—Table Mountain at Cape Town, with its great flat top one mile long, is frequently covered during the summer with dense white clouds which are known as the tablecloth. It is clearly seen in this picture, which shows a liner leaving the harbour for England.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL'S BAD SOVEREIGN

OUR UNSEEN ASSASSINS
The Old-Fashioned Ideas We
Must Get Rid Of

HOW TO GET THE WORLD STRAIGHT

The Unseen Assassins. By Sir Norman Angell. (Hamish Hamilton 7s 6d.)

All the world (except for one or two wise people) has laughed at Norman Angell, but Sir Norman Angell has laughed last. Today all the world knows that he was a prophet when he gave the world his great idea in the days before the war.

The world laughed at him because it would not understand him; it persisted in doing what our cheap newspapers do: it misrepresented and misquoted him. It declared that the idea of his best-known book, *The Great Illusion*, was that war had become impossible.

An Impossible Harvest

Norman Angell never said anything of the kind. He said what nobody believed then but what everybody believes now—that a profitable war was impossible, and that the fruits of victory could never be harvested.

All that is perfectly true; and it is equally true that if the world had listened to Norman Angell, if the nations had believed him and acted on their belief, the world today, instead of being on the brink of ruin, would have been a happy place to live in.

Now Sir Norman Angell has given the world another book. It deals with the prejudices, fallacies, and stupidities that have taken hold of the minds of people and must be got rid of if the world is to get right again. These prejudices and old-fashioned ideas are our Unseen Assassins, and must be slain before peace can come.

Passion and Patriotism

We will take only one of them, because it seems to us the most important thing of all; we are thinking of the idea of the Nation.

In the old days wars were brought about by religious feeling; if a man would not do as a king told him the king would cut off his head or burn him at the stake. Nations would go to war for some ideal for which nobody cares anything now. Today it is not religion but patriotism which causes ill-will between nations, and the important thing for the world is that we should all come to see that the passions aroused in the name of patriotism are no more right or wise than the passions aroused in the name of religion.

We all belong to some nation and have allowed ourselves to think that a nation should have sovereign power; that is to say, that a nation should do as it likes in the world because it is what we call a Sovereign State, something with no power beyond it.

The Sovereign State

But, asks Norman Angell, why should a nation have this sovereignty any more than a trade union or a club or a society? There are a hundred nations in the world, each claiming to be a Sovereign State, each insisting that if another Sovereign State offends it the only way out is war.

As long as a nation counts itself as a Sovereign State, above and beyond all other Powers, the fear of war will remain in the world; but the day when the nations drop their sovereignty and agree on a law between them, and some sort of constitution, war will be dead because nobody will want it. We must have between nations what every nation has within itself—machinery for order and good government.

What we have to do, says Sir Norman Angell, is to get rid of our bad sovereign, the idea that there is something sacred

OUR SMALLEST MAMMAL

Ten Little Harvest Mice
For the Zoo

AND THE RAT WHO RAN AWAY

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The latest additions to the Zoo's collection are ten quaint creatures who deserve attention even if they cannot claim to be rare exhibits.

They are harvest mice, sent from Gloucestershire, and the harvest mouse has the distinction of being Britain's smallest mammal. From nose to tail he measures little more than two inches, and he weighs only a sixth of an ounce, so that, compared with this diminutive rodent, the house mouse, whose body measures four inches and weighs a whole ounce, is almost a giant.

The harvest mouse is pretty as well as dainty; his fur is light brown, and he is so-called because these creatures abound at harvest-time and are found in large numbers in cornricks.

Tiny Nests in the Wheat

The nurseries provided for baby harvest mice by their parents are tiny globular nests made of grass or blades of wheat, and these nests are suspended on stalks of corn or other cereals.

When the harvest is gathered and stored the mice are carried with it, so that they live comfortably and warmly during the winter in such desirable and convenient quarters as a cornrick or similar store.

But if, as sometimes happens, the harvest mouse has not built her nest among cultivated crops, but has chosen long grasses which are not gathered at harvest-time, the mice make themselves a winter home by burrowing deep under the earth and constructing beds of grass.

All nests made by these rodents are neat and remarkably effective, but those prepared for the baby harvest mice are striking pieces of work. They are so well constructed that they can be rolled along a table without coming to pieces, and even if the youngsters are tucked inside them they can be rolled without coming to any harm. They are very warm and cosy, but so tiny that it is surprising that they can each hold as many as seven or eight babies.

A Musk Rat Mystery

The Zoo's new harvest mice are still timid, but they will make friends and like to be stroked with a straw. They are attractive little creatures, and should be of particular interest to young Zoo visitors.

Another rodent newly added to the Zoo's collection of these animals is a musk rat, or musquash, found in a shop at Luton. As he was found at Luton, the musquash was suspected of having escaped from the Whipsnade Zoo, and was at once sent there. But when he arrived at Whipsnade he was not only disowned, but informed that no quarters were available for him. So he motored up to Regent's Park and joined the other musk rats at the Zoo.

Where he came from is still a mystery.

Continued from the previous column

about nations. We have all to live in the same world, each nation with the other, and the real beginning of the great Peace that is bound to come some day is to slay this Unseen Assassin which spoils the world for us by pretending that a nation is different from any other group of people.

Once the Scots thought so, and they fought the English; once the English thought so, and they fought the Welsh. We are not less three nations because we no longer fight; what has happened is that we have dropped the idea of sovereignty and agreed to live together. So let it be with all mankind.

CHARLES ON HORSEBACK

Adventures of a Statue

One of the most beautiful statues in London is that of Charles the First looking down Whitehall. It has been called one of the three most beautiful equestrian statues anywhere.

We knew very little about this lovely monument except that it was designed in 1630 by the Huguenot sculptor Hubert le Sueur; but now Mr Denoon, of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, has published the result of nine years of research into the history of the statue, and he tells us some interesting things about it.

Originally it was intended to stand at Roehampton, but during the Civil War it became so unpopular that it was concealed in the crypt of St Paul's Church in Covent Garden. Repeated instructions were issued for its discovery in accordance with an order to "throw down and break into pieces" all statues of the late king, but it was not until it had been in the crypt for five years that it was found and sold to a brazier of Holborn to be broken up.

But the brazier was a cunning man, and he buried the statue in his garden. Then for some years he did a good trade with the Royalists in candlesticks and spoons which he said had been made from the fragments.

After the Restoration the statue quietly came to light again, and in 1670 it was sold to Charles the Second for £1600.

A RECORD PLAYS 16 MINUTES

A wonderful new gramophone record has been made. Although it is only 12 inches in diameter, as ordinary records are, it will play for 16 minutes.

The whole of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony has been recorded on the two sides of this record, so the music need only be interrupted for one turn over.

This new record is made of a new material, for it was not possible to compress the sound tracks farther on the old material. An English critic says that the tonal quality must be improved before it is completely satisfying. He believes a new motor must be invented capable of rotating the disc with about eight times as much energy as is used for the ordinary records.

Before long, no doubt, English manufacturers will have solved the problem. Meanwhile the record is not on sale in this country, for it is not desirable to market a new thing if it is in some respects no improvement on the old thing. A little time must be allowed to make the new record perfect.

But the Victor Company of America is to be congratulated on having achieved thus much.

THE VOICE OF A FRIEND

It is not often that dogs speak on the telephone, but one heard his master's voice and gave an answering bark in Auckland, New Zealand, the other day.

The master lives near Auckland, and his great companion is Darkie, a dog of wonderful intelligence and faithfulness.

One day they both went on a visit to the city, and Darkie got lost. His master asked the city dog ranger to look-out for Darkie, and every day rang up to know if the dog had been found.

At last he had a pleasant surprise, for the ranger replied to his inquiry with the words: "Just wait a bit, a friend of yours would like a word with you." Then the ranger held Darkie up to the telephone. When the dog heard his master's voice he replied with a joyful Woof-woof! that probably meant "Hurrah, we have found each other again!"

Mrs Harriet Coldron, of Greasbrough, Yorkshire, has died in the house she lived in for 86 years.

LONDON AND ITS WORKERS

Changes in Domestic
Service

A NEW LOOK ROUND

Many interesting stories are told in the second volume of the New Survey of London Life and Labour produced by the London School of Economics.

The problem of domestic service has changed very much. In the past 40 years the number of resident domestic servants in London has been halved, while conditions of service have greatly improved and wages have trebled.

A large proportion of servants now live out, and the charwoman is a declining figure. Many housewives who formerly kept resident servants now employ "dailies," while those who once employed dailies are content to do their own work.

The Labourer's Earnings

Some very interesting particulars are given of earnings at the docks. They are high but irregular. Stevedores not uncommonly earn £10 in a week. It is recorded that a gang of six corn-porters each received over £4 for a day's work. On the other hand, a man may work for only four, three, or two days a week.

The report says that there is probably no other industry in London where inequalities and anomalies of opportunity are more glaringly exhibited. There was a great deal of unemployment at the London docks last year.

London Tailors

A considerable proportion of London's tailors, we learn, are foreigners. London, as the centre of men's fashions, used to attract all the best tailors in Europe, and it is said that recent restrictions on immigration have not helped the trade.

There is an interesting story of the price of West End coats. A sub-contractor, it is stated, who makes up coats for good-class West End tradesmen that lounge suits for which he made the coats sold for 13 guineas in Savile Row, 10 guineas in Regent Street, and 8 guineas in the Strand. The difference in price was determined partly by cut, but partly also by custom and the amount of credit allowed.

Tailoring is a trade in which wages are very irregular, varying from 50s in slack times up to £10 in busy times.

LISTENING IN

By Our Town Girl

These are days of listening, and, as a listener must be silent, it is refreshing to think that these times of turmoil and tumult are times of silence too.

The other day, by the side of a kerb in Hampstead, a large car drew up. It was evidently the time of the B.B.C. News Bulletin, for inside that car sounded the unmistakable voice of the announcer of a depression from Iceland. The car started again, and disappeared into the distance.

What an amazing thing it would have seemed to our grandfathers; how incredible to them would have been the thought of a man sitting in his horseless carriage listening to the world's news told by an invisible speaker on the seat behind!

A little later the passer-by who noted this incident happened to be a listener under other strange circumstances. Wandering into a tea-room on a Sunday she heard a man's voice issuing from a loud speaker. There were many people having tea, all silent. The unseen man's voice filled the room.

It turned out to be a sermon preached in a Baptist chapel somewhere, not a particularly good sermon, not a particularly bad one; yet whatever the listeners thought of it, there they sat in silence, drinking in not only their tea but the words of this eager, unknown stranger.

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TWO EVENING STARS

Venus and Jupiter as
Rivals in Brilliance

FOUR MOONS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The western sky and eastern sky are each adorned just now with a rival Evening Star.

They far outshine all others, and are the familiar worlds of Venus and Jupiter, both of which are rapidly approaching the Earth and so increasing in brilliance, particularly Venus.

Venus will appear near to the crescent Moon soon after sunset on Sunday next, January 10, Venus being about nine times the Moon's apparent width away to the right of our satellite between 5 and 6 o'clock. This is the best time for observing them, for Venus sets a little before 7 o'clock.

An Impressive Picture

If the evening is fine and clear these two worlds should make an impressive picture, the Moon being nearly 245,000 miles away, while Venus is the enormous distance of about 125 million miles, or some 510 times farther off.

Were Venus as near to us as the Moon she would appear nearly four times as wide and make a lovely object, so intensely bright as to dazzle the eyes, for the cloud-covered surface of Venus is much more luminous than the arid, ash-covered surface of the Moon. The diameter of Venus is about 7700 miles, compared with the Earth's diameter of 7920 miles, and so we have some idea of how large our world would appear if it were as far away as the Moon.

Now, just as Venus sets in the southwest at a few minutes to 7 o'clock, Jupiter rises in the east, and may be seen a little later in the evening as a lovely rival to Venus.

It is interesting to estimate which appears the brighter. Actually Venus is, but she does not appear to be, because she is not seen against so dark a sky as Jupiter.

An Interesting Event

However, were Jupiter as near to us as Venus is he would far outshine her, but Jupiter is about 410 million miles away at the present time, between three and four times as far as Venus.

An interesting event will occur to Jupiter on January 13, when all four of his large moons will appear on his left side. They will be in their proper order outward from the planet's disc—Io, or Satellite I, being nearest; Europa, or Satellite 2, next; Ganymede, or Satellite 3, third; and Callisto, or Satellite 4, the most distant.

These last two moons should be perceptible in good field-glasses, shining like tiny stars very near to Jupiter. Were it not for the proximity of his



Jupiter and his moons

brilliant orb, these moons—in fact, all four of them—could be seen with the naked eye.

Callisto will be easiest to see, although it is the faintest, because it is the farthest from Jupiter, about a third of our Moon's apparent width away from him.

Ganymede will appear only about a sixth of our Moon's width away from the radiant Jupiter, and so, although of fifth magnitude, Ganymede will be more difficult to catch sight of. The other two moons, Io and Europa, require a telescope to reveal them.

Callisto may also be seen on the previous and succeeding evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, but Ganymede will probably then appear too close to Jupiter.

G. F. M.

Barnardo's Homes have now placed over 30,000 boys and girls in situations in the British Dominions.

THE LEAGUE IS
IN ITS TEENS

TWO MIGHTY FESTIVALS

Goodwill Across the World and
Down the Centuries

C.L.N. AND ITS OPPORTUNITY

Members of the Children's League of Nations
this week—30,591

A Christian festival and a world birthday fall within four days of each other in January.

Two thousand years rolled between these two events. We celebrate at Epiphany the coming of kings from distant countries to pay homage to a Child whom they hailed as Prince of Peace. On January 10 we celebrate the birthday of the League of Nations.

The League is now in its thirteenth year, and in this, the first year of its teens, it has its biggest task to tackle.

The greatest effort of all the centuries is to be made to ensure the peace which men so far have been unable to achieve. 1932 is to be the Great Peace Year, to which men in the far-off days of the future will look back with gratitude as the beginning of a new era. Freedom to live and work without fear, freedom to build up for the future, freedom to enjoy the gracious lovely things of life for people in East as well as West, will be the first-fruits of a settled peace. Is it not worth working for to the last ounce of our strength?

What Each of Us Can Do

So, in February, the League of Nations will brace itself for this great effort, and throughout 1932 it will continue to strive to the uttermost for victory. To Geneva must be brought all possible offerings of goodwill. Kings brought their offerings of gold and frankincense and myrrh; we may bring ours of thought and word and deed in the service of this Great Peace upon which all our hopes and dreams and purposes are centred.

What each one of us can do to help this year is to lend a hand with the Children's League of Nations, the C.L.N. We must hurry on to Fifty Thousand members.

Will every member this week try to get one more, and bring our numbers mounting up in this great year? The Disarmament Conference is next month. Would it not be a great step forward, a great inspiration to Peace, if the boys and girls of the C.N. spoke out with one voice in these few weeks?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: C. L. N.,

15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.No letters should be
sent to the C.N. office.

Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.



The C.L.N. Badge

WHO WAS MUNGO PARK?

Born Selkirkshire, 1771. Died Africa, 1805.

At twenty, after having studied medicine and surgery, he set sail for Sumatra in the East Indiaman Worcester, on which he held the post of assistant-surgeon. This led to his employment by the African Association, on whose behalf he undertook to explore the course of the Niger.

After many startling adventures he returned to civilisation, and in an interesting volume threw light on the interior of the Dark Continent. Thereafter he settled down to practise as a country surgeon in Scotland. The life, however, proved impossible to him, and he again undertook an expedition into the interior of Africa. Starting from Pisanía, on the Gambia, he lost 38 of his 45 companions. The survivors were attacked by natives at Boussa and perished with him.

HOW THE RABBIT
KEEPS GOING

An Australian reader sends us a study of the rabbit as it is seen in Australia, and particularly the part played by the mother rabbit.

The rabbit, says our correspondent, is the most serious pest in Australia. Though it looks so helpless it destroys many thousands of acres of wheat, and largely deprives the farmer's stock of the land's natural pasturage.

During the winter months the rabbit warrens are fumigated by poisonous gas, and in summer the pools where they drink are poisoned. It might therefore be thought that they would be exterminated. But they are not. How does that come about?

The Communal Warren

The rabbits usually live together in a communal warren, but the young are very rarely born there. The mother rabbit, the doe, makes her nest usually about 200 yards away from the rabbit warren and near her feeding-ground. Nine inches or so under the turf she digs a tunnel about two yards long, and this tunnel often ends in a circular underground chamber.

In this chamber, which is lined with straw, the young, about seven in number, are born. The mother plucks fur from her body sufficient to cover them completely in the nest. Invariably she closes the entrance to the tunnel, whenever she leaves it, by scraping loose earth over it and then beating out all trace of her work by stamping around it with her hind legs.

The very young are left entirely alone during the day, but the mother comes back to them at night to feed and clean them. And when they begin to grow more venturesome—say after three weeks—she prolongs the time she stays with them in the nest, until eventually she remains to teach them to feed and to play in the open.

Laws of Safety

Why does the mother rabbit make her nest away from the warren?

To that question our correspondent replies that among other reasons is the fact, known to the doe, that the buck rabbit is liable to kill the little ones. Also the rabbits in the warren are bound by certain laws of safety which at first the youngsters do not know.

The rabbit warrens are built to allow of sudden retreat, and in many of the passages are tiny holes breaking to the surface, where the rabbits can listen before they emerge.

It is interesting to sit still on the edge of a warren and watch the first rabbit come out. Presently your scent reaches its nostrils, which wrinkle and quiver, and bunny becomes a quivering, eager mass of nerves, his nose working overtime. Then, bang! bang! bang! his powerful hind-leg hits the ground; three hard thumps. He has given the danger-signal to the rest, and is off like a flash.

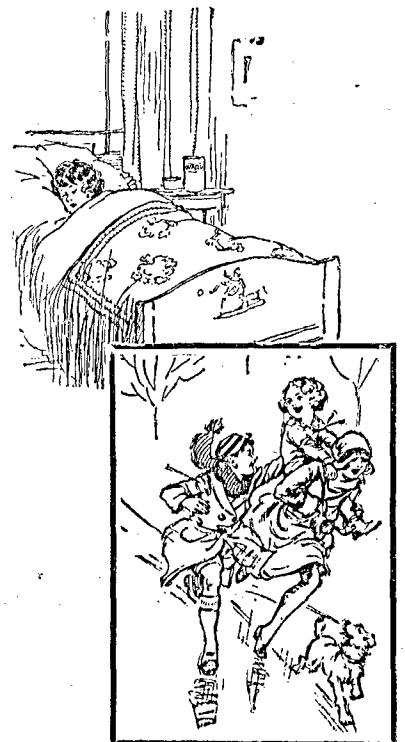
The helpless rabbit holds its own by its watchfulness, the secrecy of its family. However many are caught or destroyed there are some left.

THE ROMANCE OF THE
RESTAURANT CAR

A fascinating story is told in the L.N.E.R. Magazine of the evolution of the restaurant car. Until 1893 it was not possible for third-class passengers to have a meal on the train, but the Great Northern Railway had run restaurant cars for first-class passengers since 1879.

When coal was used for cooking the fire gave out so much smoke that the cook became as black as the engine-driver. Later on gas cylinders were carried, and meals were cooked on gas rings and gas grills. In 1921 the Great Northern Railway introduced all-electric kitchens, and the electric cooker is now becoming generally used.

Eight million meals are served on British railways every year.

Health and
Energy all
day long

MERRY and happy—full of energy and romping fun—all fathers and mothers delight to see their children enjoying such glorious health.

The energy and vitality children are so prodigal in spending have to be made good from the energy-creating elements to be obtained only from nourishment. They are growing—physically and mentally—and nourishment is essential for healthy growth.

During the growing years of childhood more nourishment is necessary than ordinary food contains. Children need "Ovaltine" as their daily beverage, for this delicious food beverage supplies concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form.

There is no substitute for 'Ovaltine.' No other food can ensure the same results, because 'Ovaltine' is not a mere mixture of powdered malt, milk powder, dried eggs and cocoa, but an original product prepared from malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own and selected farms.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Reduced Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P619

A GREAT DISCOVERY FOR THE RAILWAY

More Speed With the Same Power

STREAMLINED TRAINS

It takes ten times as much power to drive a railway train at 100 miles an hour as to drive it at forty, and it has only lately been discovered that a great deal of the extra power is merely to overcome wind resistance. As a result of this discovery we are to have trains streamlined like an aeroplane, a racing car, or a motor-boat.

The immense importance of streamlining in ships has been so clearly recognised in the fast Atlantic liners Bremen and Europa that even the funnels are streamlined, their cross-section being almost egg-shaped.

Experiments just completed at Göttingen University with model trains placed in wind tunnels have shown that by shaping the locomotive, the carriages, and every detail of a railway train so as to offer the least possible resistance to the air an express train could be run at 100 miles an hour with very little extra power.

So convincing are the experiments that models are now being designed, not only to make hundred-miles-an-hour trains but to reduce the power of ordinary trains, and so effect a tremendous economy in the running costs of a railway.

THE SWORD OF CHIVALRY

A Day of the War Recalled

A few weeks ago the French and English newspapers were praising the act of President Hindenburg in handing back the captured sword of a French officer; now the German newspapers have been paying high tribute to an English officer who returned his sword to a German officer whom he captured near Ypres in 1914.

The Englishman is Commander R. L. G. Marix, of the Air Force, who as a young lieutenant in the early days of the war had many exciting adventures, the most thrilling being his destruction of a Zeppelin at Dusseldorf.

A little later he was flying near Ypres, and on landing heard that two English soldiers had been captured and imprisoned in a neighbouring chateau. With six marines he set off to rescue them, but met a squadron of Uhlans.

After an exchange of shots the Germans rode off, leaving their commander, Baron von Lersner, unhorsed on the field. The baron surrendered, giving up his sword to Lieutenant Marix, who handed it back to him. His prisoner, however, asked him to keep it for him till the end of the war.

Lieutenant Marix has since been seeking and has at last succeeded in finding Baron von Lersner, and has returned his sword.

DUCK UNDERBOARD

A London tram was sailing merrily down the street when all on board were startled by a sudden jerk and the cry of *Duck under the tram!*

It all seemed very strange until they were told that three ducks had broken out of their crate and, without paying any attention to traffic signals, made a dash for liberty.

One of the ducks saw the tram just as the driver saw the duck. The duck ducked; the tram stopped; but, though the poor frightened bird was alive, by no means could it be got from underboard.

Then someone thought of removing a floorboard, and soon the duck was released and carried back quacking to its owner, having had its hour of adventure and completely disorganised traffic.

WHAT THE LEAGUE IS REALLY LIKE

The Spirit of Geneva

We cannot all do this; we cannot all do that. There is too much going on in the world to take an active part in all that interests us.

But sometimes we come upon a book in which the scene and the event are recreated for us. We turn a page and are a hundred miles away or wandering through Time.

That is the sort of book Mrs Ethel Jones has written about Geneva. She lives in the city whose motto, After Darkness Light, is working itself out in the League today, as when its people first responded to the voice of Calvin and the Reformation.

Mrs Jones was present throughout the Twelfth Assembly of the League, mixing with the delegates, hearing much and seeing much, and each evening she wrote down her impressions, which now make up a vivid account of these last critical months of the League.

We have spoken before of her Journal, which is published each year under the title *The Spirit of Geneva*. The new issue can be bought for 1s 6d from the Friends House in London or from the offices of the Nottingham Journal.

We promise our readers that after an hour spent with this book they will know more about the working of the League, and feel more in touch with its spirit, than they had thought possible.

SMALL BRITISH CROPS

But Plenty of Poor Hay

The Board of Agriculture's estimate of the produce of the crops of England and Wales last year is a poor one.

The wheat acreage fell from 1,346,000 acres to 1,196,000, and the wheat crop was down by over two million hundredweights. Oats also showed a fall of some two million hundredweights, but barley was up a little.

The unusually wet season gave a big hay crop, but the quality was poor, for the continuous rain made harvest long and difficult.

The weather adversely affected all root crops. Potatoes yielded only 2,407,000 tons, and turnips, swedes, and mangolds were also down.

Although the acreage under potatoes was increased, the unfavourable weather reduced the yield by over a ton an acre compared with 1930.

STEEL BUILDINGS

Making Them Too Safe

A Committee has been inquiring into our methods of constructing the steel framework of modern buildings.

It seems that at present far too much steel is used. The frames are made too heavy and material is wasted. It is pleasant to learn that the buildings are too safe instead of not being safe enough; but, on the other hand, it is clearly inadvisable to waste steel in building. If the amount used is cut down, buildings are cheaper and the building trade is encouraged.

THE RAILWAY SEASON

There are so many British railway season-tickets in use that nearly 700,000 people travel every day with them.

In the North of England they are called contracts. It is estimated that in the course of a year the season-ticket holders cover 6000 million miles. One Brighton season-ticket holder is said to have travelled 40,000 miles, and the railway companies have records of many travellers who have had season-tickets for over half a century.

Few people know that there are railway season-tickets for dogs and bicycles.

A TWO-MINUTE VISIT

LONDON'S FINEST VIEW

Just by the opening of the Greenwich Tunnel is a small public garden.

Close by is what was once North Greenwich Station, the terminus of a tiny London railway line which closed down a year or two ago for want of custom. But the passenger who went by it from Fenchurch Street and strolled to the end of the dusty platform of the Greenwich terminus saw to his astonishment the view that must now be seen from the garden. Number 56 bus puts us down within two-minutes walk of it.

It is Greenwich Hospital, on the other side of the river, and that noble pile which Wren completed is thus seen as the architect saw it in his dreams.

Between the garden and the Hospital runs the broad Thames, bearing on its tide brown-sailed barges, fussing tugs, and now and then a big ship bringing merchandise to the Port of London. Behind the Royal Hospital rises green Greenwich Hill crowned with the Royal Observatory.

A Poem in Stone

But it is Greenwich Hospital on which the eye fastens. It is a poem in stone. Its noble colonnades are like stanzas, its magnificent quadrangle completes the metre. There is no building in all London so finely displayed for the eye to see in all its beauty and design. It matches St Paul's Cathedral.

Are we doing other London views an injustice in proclaiming it the finest? There is the view of the curving Thames and the whitening spires of all Wren's churches, seen from Charing Cross Bridge, and there is the view from Richmond Hill.

At any rate, no one has completed his knowledge of Christopher Wren who has not seen his Hospital from the North Greenwich garden.

There is this other thing to be said about the view which is so magical, that one might almost be afraid to approach nearer lest, in coming closer, the illusion of its beauty should disappear. That is not the case. The enchantment of the Hospital is of an enduring kind, and the onlooker can test it in the speediest way.

There is no need to cross the river. A tunnel lies beneath it, and the way down on one side and the way up on the other are equipped with aids that would have seemed magical in Sir Christopher's day, for they are great hydraulic lifts, very much favoured by children of either shore, who love to use them oftener than most Greenwich ratepayers, and who are with difficulty restrained from treating the resounding tunnel as a playground.

A Picture of English History

Once up on the other side the visitor may come as near as he likes to the glories of Greenwich Hospital. There is the Great Terrace by the river, nearly 300 yards long; there are the noble blocks of buildings named after William and Mary and Queen Anne and Charles the Second.

If too much compliment seems to be paid to Charles, remember in his favour that in one of his more worthy moments he built the Royal Observatory on the hill, where the great clock marks the hours for half mankind, and from where starts the Greenwich meridian that clasps the world.

As you stand in the splendid quadrangles this mighty line may be passing invisibly beneath your feet.

In the Hospital, too, is the Painted Hall, where painters from Kneller and Lely to Zoffany and Turner tell on their canvases the story of the British Navy; and in the upper gallery is the sword of the great Nelson and the coat he wore at Trafalgar.

Thus, though from the other side of the Thames the situation affords an unforgettable picture, in the Hospital itself is a picture of English history and its heroes which we can never forget.

THEIR WORD OF HONOUR

The Essential Good in Mankind

AN OPEN-AIR PRISON TEST

Sweden, like ourselves, has some prisons conducted on quite a novel plan.

At Singeshult in Western Sweden there has been established an open-air prison without walls or cells, from which any prisoner can escape if he wishes to do so. One obstacle, and one only, is put in his way; it is his word of honour.

The official report is of remarkable success. After ten years it is reported that there has never been a single attempt to escape from the prison camp, although for practical purposes there are no warders. The prisoners are serving long terms, and are given honest and honourable work to do in the shape of turning uncultivated lands into fertile fields and gardens.

The men, it appears, know that they are being trained to be useful, recognise their position, and keep their word. It is stated that a fine sense of duty has been developed in the establishment, and as each new prisoner arrives he adapts himself to the healthy atmosphere which has been created.

All this is good news for those who believe in the essential good of mankind when it has a chance to develop itself.

SPAIN'S FIRST MAN

Farmer's Son in the King's Shoes

The son of a small farmer has been elected President of Spain.

Señor Alcáala Zamora, the new President, will not have so much power for good or evil as his great predecessors the kings of Spain, for he may not declare war or decree the withdrawal of Spain from the League of Nations without the consent of his Parliament. He will be President for six years.

He, of all men, was most worthy of this high honour, and the National Assembly elected him by a huge majority.

In the spring of 1931 Señor Zamora was in a prison in Madrid because of his support of the people's rights against the Monarchy. At the revolution he became the first Prime Minister of the new Republic, and his moderate but firm handling of the situation prevented what might have been a disastrous Civil War.

A quiet, studious man, who neither drinks nor smokes, he had the courage to oppose what he held to be too drastic measures against the Church, and resigned the Premiership on that account, but his courage then, as in the past, won the hearts of all Spaniards.

A TRANSFORMATION 200 YEARS LATE

New Great Russian Steel Works

On the Sea of Azov, at Mariupol, the Russian authorities are now erecting a great metallurgical works, to have a yearly output of a million tons of phosphorus iron and a million tons of steel bars. A special harbour is being erected close to the works, and the iron ore to be used will be brought from Kertch. The output of coke is estimated at 1,300,000 tons a year.

According to plan Russia will in a few years be the second iron and steel country in the world.

It is a strange thought that all this productive power has always existed in Russia, but has not been used. The Russian natural wealth in the shape of coal, ore, forests, and fertile lands were in existence when Britain long ago started her Industrial Revolution. Now the Russian Industrial Revolution is taking place, nearly 200 years later.

A GREAT LIFE-WORK New Palace of Science For London

THE BUILDING AND THE MAN

If the man who dreamed he lived in marble halls were living in the nineteen-thirties his dream might easily come true.

Nowadays splendid palaces are springing up in every city.

In one of London's newest palaces of Science, the new Wellcome Research Institution in Euston Road, more than 200 tons of marble have been used for adorning the inside walls. It is expected that the building, on which 500 workmen are being employed during 12 months, will be ready for occupation by March.

The design is severe but beautiful. On the front of Portland stone eight stately Grecian columns, 30 feet high, support the central pediment.

The framework of hidden steel weighs 2500 tons, and there is a floor area of nearly 200,000 square feet.

British Materials

Practically all the materials used for the building are British, except for some Italian marble. Two million bricks from our brickyards have been used, and about 89,000 tiles for the floors and 4000 square yards of glazed slabs for covering the walls. Our quarries have yielded 50,000 cubic feet of Portland stone for the outside walls.

We begin to wonder if our carpenters will become extinct, for in this modern building there is practically no joinery work. Scarcely any of the plumbing work, heating services, or electric wires, of which there are about 17 miles, are visible. By means of fans fresh air is constantly flowing into the building to take the place of the used air, which is expelled through metal ducts. Lifts travelling at 450 feet a minute transport the workers to the laboratories.

Research Under One Roof

For a long time the need to bring together the various institutions of scientific research has been very great. Research under one roof will now be possible for students of the Bureau for Scientific Research, the Historical Medical Museum, the Museum of Medical Science, including Tropical Medicine, and the Entomological Field Laboratory. These have all been founded by Dr Wellcome, and the new building is the corner-stone of his life-work.

He is not only a generous sympathiser with the good work but he is a distinguished man of science himself. Many people owe their lives to his research in tropical diseases, and much suffering has been prevented. He has usually begun his work in an almost virgin country, and by stamping-out diseases he has made vast regions for the first time fit for human habitation.

HEDGEHOGS NOT WANTED

A Price on Their Heads

Who wants hedgehogs? The North Canterbury Acclimatisation Society in New Zealand has outlawed hedgehogs, and will pay 3s a dozen for them dead.

According to members of this society the hedgehogs destroy the eggs of birds nesting on the ground, and this means that there are not enough pheasants and quail for New Zealanders to shoot. So the so-called sportsmen have put a price on the heads of hedgehogs.

One member of this society said there were millions of hedgehogs in that part of New Zealand, and another said he could bring along £10 worth of dead hedgehogs at 3d each within a week. Poor hedgehogs!

Prison and a £400 fine have been imposed on a chemical director of a drug factory at Basle for taking part in smuggling activities.

THE B.B.C. BOOK Our Greatest British Machine

500 PAGES ABOUT IT

The B.B.C. Year Book 1932 (British Broadcasting Corporation. 2s).

This book of nearly 500 pages should be read by everyone who wishes to understand the wonderful organisation which gives him the beauty and infinite variety of the programmes sent through space to his listening ear.

The reader is taken into the confidence of the broadcasters and told by them of their problems and experiments and of the degree of success they achieve. One of the fascinating experiments has been the roving inquirer, or free-lance, who spends his time in dodging about here, there, and everywhere seeking out new ideas for programmes. For instance, the concert for the blind by the blind was the happy result of an idea originated in his meeting two blind street musicians one day. That concert brought in over £5000 for the Blind Fund.

Delightful Reminiscences

Because it is the last time the Year Book will be issued from Savoy Hill a chapter of delightful reminiscences of the eight years work there is given, together with some charming views of the Thames taken from the roof. In one of these stands out the Palace of Westminster, which Mr Allen Walker in an early broadcast casually offered to show his hearers over, and over 7000 turned up!

We have descriptions and pictures of the new building in Portland Place, its sound and ventilation problems, the modern sculptures symbolical of its purpose, and its unique planning to accommodate 22 studios and their suites of rooms.

We expect statistics in a Year Book, and some that we find in these pages astonish us. In a year the number of wireless licences has increased by 750,000 to a grand total of four millions. London shares with Hertfordshire the highest proportion of licences in the population, both having 15 per cent, while, strangely enough, Middlesex, with 4 per cent, is next lowest to County Durham, which has only 3 per cent.

From a revenue of £1,224,000 the B.B.C. spent a little over £1,000,000 last year.

Pages of Instruction

Over a hundred pages of this book are devoted to technical matters, the wavelength problem, the equipment of new high-power stations, the design of transmitters, and so on. This section alone, complete with pictures and diagrams, is worth the sum charged for the book.

The review of the year's work is well illustrated, and as our great public events are now usually broadcast the Year Book serves the purpose of a record of important happenings which we shall be glad to keep in our library and use as a book of reference in the years to come.

PAINTING COMPETITION RESULT

Winners of the Beefex Painting Competition which appeared in the C.N. for December 5 are as follow:

The first prize of £15 goes to Mary Banks, 97, Drumover Drive, Parkhead, Glasgow; the second prize (£10), Richard Bryan, 136, Wilmslow Road, Withington, Manchester; third prize (£5), Betty Hazard, Vectis, The Glen, Salvington, Worthing, Sussex.

The 250 Consolation Prizes were posted on December 22.

200 BOYS WANT TO FLY

A short time ago there was a campaign to make us air-minded, as the flying enthusiasts call it.

The campaign has succeeded as far as boys are concerned. The Commercial Cable Company wanted 40 boys to join its flying club. The company employs 200 messenger boys, and 200 volunteered. Picture on page 9

If You Are a Radio Enthusiast!

If you are a radio enthusiast you need **POPULAR WIRELESS**, for it will help you in countless ways. Every aspect of wireless is dealt with week by week in the pages of this essentially practical journal. If you have any particular problem—if your set is not producing the best possible results—write to **POPULAR WIRELESS**. A staff of expert contributors is at your service. In every issue they will give you particulars of the newest and latest developments in the world of Radio. This useful paper will help you to get the best out of your wireless set. Buy it regularly.

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THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 27 Derek's Double

Derek looked round at the bare stone walls and paved floor. What light there was came through high, narrow windows, but the sun was already behind the hills and the shadow of night was falling over the valley.

"It's a prison all right," he said, "but after all they haven't treated us badly."

"They're a grim-looking lot," said Tod.

"Don't worry. Kespi will get us out."

"Maybe, but I'd like to know what's come of him."

They sat on the floor with their backs to the wall, and slowly the dusk deepened to darkness. Outside all was very quiet.

"Did you notice the way those people stared at you, Derek?" said Tod presently.

"I don't suppose any of them had ever seen a white man, so of course they stared. But it wasn't at me any more than you."

"You're a sight too modest, old son. It was you they were looking at, specially the women."

"It don't matter anyhow," said Derek.

"What does matter is supper. I'm getting hungry."

"So am I," growled Tod. "Wonder if it would be any use to rattle the door."

"No need. There's someone there already. I hear the bar coming down."

The door opened and four of the bronze men appeared. One carried a torch which burned with a smokeless flame and a pleasant resinous odour, another brought a tray carved out of black wood, which he set down on the floor. On it were two covered metal dishes and a pile of fruit. The remaining two brought a couple of stools, also made of the same dark wood.

"Hurray!" cried Tod, so loudly that the men started and stared at him.

"All right, my lads," said Tod. "Don't be scared. I'm only shouting for joy at the sight of food."

"Anyhow, they don't mean to starve us," Derek said. He sat down on one of the stools and lifted the cover from a dish.

"Smells fine," said Tod, following his example.

The Indians placed the torch in a holder fixed against the wall, filed out as silently as they had come and, barring the door, left the prisoners to their supper.

The dishes held a stew made of meat with sweet corn, yams, and peppers. It tasted as good as it smelled, and using the wooden spoons provided the boys finished it all.

The fruit was oranges, bananas, and small grapes which had a faint musky taste but were very sweet. There was not much left when Tod and Derek had ended their meal.

"I feel a heap better," declared Tod.

"I could do with a sleep if there was anything to sleep on."

"They'll bring something," said Derek, and they did. The same men came back carrying a couple of thin mattresses and blankets made of cotton beautifully woven. What pleased the boys even better, they brought two large bowls of water and towels.

"Say, the only thing you've forgotten are the pyjamas!" said Tod with a laugh, but the men only looked at him. From first to last they had not said a word.

Morning brought breakfast but still no sign of Kespi. Presently the guard arrived again and signed to the boys that they were to accompany them. They were taken straight up to the big house. All the people were out in the street, and now Derek realised that Tod was right and that it was at himself they were staring.

The guard marched them briskly up the stone steps of the great house, through a heavy door studded with bronze nails into a very large room. The roof was supported by huge beams black with age, but the walls were of the red stone of the country. The floor was paved with great blocks of stone, and light came through narrow windows hung with bright coloured curtains.

These points the boys did not notice till afterwards, for their attention was fixed on the people who occupied a dais or platform on the far side of the room. Of these the most impressive was a very old man who sat in a sort of throne made of black wood overlaid with plates of silver. Old as he was, he was much taller than his Indian subjects and far fairer. In fact, he was almost white. He had a splendid head of snow-white hair, and wore a tunic of silvery-looking stuff and on his head a small circlet of silver which was set with large blue stones.

Beside him was a woman so like him she was either his daughter or more likely his granddaughter, and she too wore a silver robe. She was almost as fair as an English

girl, and charmingly pretty. On either side of this royal couple stood an old Indian, apparently priests, who wore white robes. They were stern-faced old gentlemen with faces that looked as if they had been carved out of stone.

"Court's all set," Tod whispered to Derek. "I don't mind the old chief or the lady, but those priests give me a pain. They don't look as if they ever smiled in all their lives."

The room was so big and dim that it was only now that the boys spotted a group of people to the left.

"Why, it's Kespi!" exclaimed Tod, "and Manacan. Say, Kespi, we reckoned you were lost," he called in a loud, cheerful voice.

The priests and the guard stared at him in a sort of shocked silence.

"Made me feel as if I'd laughed in church," said Tod afterwards.

The king too looked surprised, but the princess smiled and spoke in her own language to Tod.

Tod stepped forward, taking off his hat as he did so, and Derek followed his example. Again Derek had the feeling that everyone was staring at him. He got red and stiffened.

"Stand still," came Kespi's voice. "You no laugh or talk."

The princess was pointing at Derek and speaking eagerly to the old king. Derek heard the word Ativa more than once.

Then the king gave an order and one of the guards pulled aside the curtain from a window on the East so that a shaft of sunlight fell upon Derek, making his fair hair shine like gold.

"Ativa!" cried the princess again, and the old king echoed the word. The guard, too, whispered it, only the two priests remained silent.

"What do they mean?" grumbled Derek under his breath. He just hated having them all stare at him like this.

The king beckoned him forward, and as Derek stood in front of him he and his granddaughter spoke rapidly together.

Derek was getting distinctly annoyed with the whole business. He was no longer blushing but he had drawn himself up to

his full height. With his lithe, straight body, his clean-cut face, blue eyes, and very fair hair, he was a fine specimen of an English boy, and all the finer because he had not the least idea of his own good looks.

Suddenly the princess rose to her feet, and so did the king. She beckoned to Derek and Tod to follow, and with the two priests in attendance they all went through a door behind the dais leading into an inner room.

It was smaller than the other and lit only by narrow slits in the thick stone walls. The light such as it was was all centred on a kind of altar against the far wall and on a head carved in stone, which stood in a niche of the wall above the altar. The princess pointed first at the carved head then at Derek, and Derek drew his breath with a hiss. But it was Tod who spoke.

"If that don't beat all!" he exclaimed.

"It's Derek's very own face."

CHAPTER 28

Ativa Comes Again

THERE was no getting away from it. Feature for feature, Derek's face and the stone face were the same, except that Derek's was somewhat younger.

"What does it mean?" Derek asked in a bewildered voice.

The princess spoke, but Derek, of course, could not understand. Kespi stepped forward, and spoke to the princess and she smiled and gave a sign of assent. Kespi explained.

"Face is Ativa, great prince here long time ago. They think Derek Ativa come again. They very pleased. Old race die out. Only two left, King Koh and Princess Mesrue. Terrace people, they no have queen, only king, so I think they make Derek king."

Such a look of dismay crossed Derek's face that Tod chuckled. The two priests looked scandalised and Kespi spoke quickly.

"You no laugh, Tod. Derek, you look pleased. This save all our lives, for they not like strangers in this place."

Derek found himself quite unable to smile, but he drew himself up and tried to look dignified. The whole business was so astonishing that he felt muddled and confused. The king and the princess looked delighted, but Derek saw very plainly that the two grim-faced priests were not so pleased. However, the whole thing was out of his hands and he felt that he must

just carry on and see what happened. Already King Koh was giving orders to one of the officers. Kespi translated.

"He say tell all people Ativa come back. He say word to be sent to all the terraces." The old cacique smiled. "You—what you say? Play up, Derek. It only thing to do."

"I'll try," Derek promised quickly, "but I don't know anything about this king business."

"You're not king yet, old son," grinned Tod, "only Prince Royal."

From outside came the note of a horn which was taken up by other horns at a distance. The notes were sweet and clear and rang and echoed against the heights surrounding the valley. They were blown in several notes, evidently a code of some sort, and the sounds were repeated again and again until they rang from the highest terraces half a mile or more in vertical height above the floor of the valley.

King Koh had been speaking to his chief priest, whose name the boys found later was Yarm, and Yarm himself went out and came back with two younger priests, who carried a silver tunic and other garments.

"Royal apparel for your Highness," chuckled the irrepressible Tod; and he was perfectly right for Derek was marched off into a side room and there attired in a silver tunic, sandals with silver laces, while a small silver fillet was placed on his head. He was horribly embarrassed, yet felt it was up to him to follow Kespi's advice and play up, so he came in again with a straight back and stepping out in fine form.

For once Tod did not laugh.

"Say, Kespi," he whispered. "He looks the part to the life. I never knew Derek was such a good looker."

King Koh seemed to share Tod's opinion, for a slight smile crossed his grave face. As for the princess, she was clearly delighted for she clapped her small hands, then went up to Derek, and to his intense confusion kissed him on each cheek. But he kept his wits and lifting her hand touched it with his lips. This pleased her greatly, and she gave him a charming smile.

From outside came a murmur of voices, and the king beckoned Derek forward. Walking between him and the princess, these three led the procession on to the broad verandah or porch in front of the palace to the head of the broad steps leading down into the square.

In the square was gathered a crowd of the bronze folk, which must have numbered at least a couple of thousand, and more were coming every minute. For a moment they gazed at Derek, and Derek felt a queer thrill at being the centre of all these eager eyes. Then came a sudden crashing shout.

"Ativa! Ativa!" The king stepped forward, and there was silence while he made a short speech which, of course, Derek could not understand. But the people understood and approved, for at the end they all shouted again.

They had deep, musical voices, and their cheers, which sounded like "Hee-uh, Hee-uh!", must have been heard on the topmost terraces. The only persons who did not seem pleased were Yarm and the other elderly priest.

"The next item on the programme," said Tod, "will be the coronation feast."

He was right again for the cooks had been busy, and after a short pause a move was made into another room where a long table was laid. The king sat at the head, with Derek on his right and the princess on his left. Yarm and the other priest were opposite, and there were about a score of the bronze men present, all of them chiefs.

The food was simple but good. Derek found that these people ate little meat but had a wonderful variety of fruits and vegetables.

Tod enjoyed the good things, especially a delicious drink which was made of the juice of pineapple mixed with that of grape fruit and orange, and cooled by snow from the heights; but Derek was very bored. At last it was all over. Then Derek, Tod, and Kespi were led to a room made ready for them to enjoy the siesta which was a habit with all these people.

Derek flung off his silver crown and tunic. "See here, Kespi," he began angrily, "I can't stick much more of this sort of thing. What are we going to do about it? Can't we make a bolt?"

Kespi shook his head.

"No can go," he answered briefly.

"Why not? We could slip away by night, collar the sentinel at the bridge head and tie him up. By morning we'd be miles away."

Again the old chief shook his head. "These people not fools, Derek," he answered gravely. "They make sure we no go. I hear Koh say put ten men on the bridge."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO DOES HIS BEST

MOTHER JACKO, usually so good tempered, was feeling distinctly annoyed with things.

For the third day the window-cleaner had failed to turn up, and the windows were, she said, simply filthy.

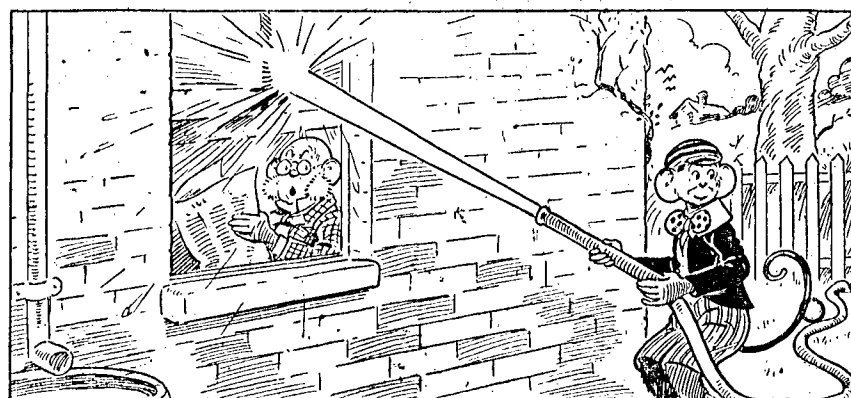
Jacko could not see what all the fuss was about.

"Here's a letter!" he cried, waving

There was only the hose. There was nothing in the garden to water, for the beds were empty; but the sight of the very dirty scullery window gave him a happy idea.

"By Jove!" he cried. "I'll clean the windows and give the Mater a surprise."

He dashed to the tap, turned on the water, and set to work.



Jacko didn't notice that the window was open

an envelope on high. "It looks like Grandpa's writing."

It was. His mother beamed as she read it.

"He's coming to have tea with us," she cried. "Won't that be nice?"

Jacko wasn't so sure. With the exception of birthdays, Christmas-time, and such-like anniversaries, he had no use for Grandpa, who was a lively old gentleman and expected a deal of attention. As he was stone deaf entertaining him was no easy job.

Jacko decided to make himself scarce. As soon as dinner was over he wandered out into the garden and looked round for something to amuse himself with.

He started on the kitchen and scullery and, having made what he considered a good job of them, directed his attention to the bedrooms.

He disturbed nobody up there but Adolphus, who merely thought they were getting a pretty severe rainstorm.

By this time Jacko was warming up to his job.

"And now the parlour," he muttered.

In his zeal—for he was enjoying himself—he didn't notice that the window was open, or that Grandpa

was sitting just inside.

There was a shout, a wild call for help: Jacko gave one look—and disappeared for the rest of the day!

9^d & 1/4

Winter Days

Let the healthful aid of Andrews help you and yours through the cold, dark days of winter.

Taken when needed, Andrews quickly banishes those little ills which often come at this time of year, when opportunities for outdoor exercise are few and the Sun so rarely shines.

In the cold weather many prefer pleasant-tasting Andrews "with the chill off."

Andrews Liver Salt



Energy by the spoonful. Sweeten your porridge with 'Imperial Bee' Honey.

Sole World Agents:

C. & E. MORTON, LTD

Portsoken House, 155-7, Minories, London, E.C.3

Packed in 6d. pots and in 1 lb. and 2 lb. glass jars with patent caps.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/-, Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White, Navy, etc., 3/4 lb. post free. **PURE WOOL** SERGES from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets, Tailoring, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

 EGERTON
BURNETT'S
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 WELLINGTON
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COME TO THE

Pageant of Postage Stamps

DORLAND HALL, Lower Regent Street, London, W.1. Daily Jan. 6th-23rd, 1932. Admission 1/- (including tax). Half-price tickets, 6d., obtainable in advance from Organising Secretary, 15, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.

THE GREAT SAHARA DESERT PACKET FREE!

Contains stamps from quaint and interesting Far Eastern Countries, mostly pictorials. **LATAKIA** (Alouites), Grand Lebanon, Old Egypt, **CHARKARI STATE** (India Palace), new Palestine, **SYRIA**, Iraq (Mesopotamia); finally, the beautiful **SAHARA**. "Camel" stamp over-printed **REPUBLICA**. A wonderful offer of good and unusual stamps only. **SEND TO-DAY**. **DON'T DELAY!** Just 2d. for postage. Request approvals, and a further packet of 50 all different will be included.

LISBURN & TOWNSHEND (G.N.), Liverpool.

The Turk Packet FREE.

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive **15 Turkish** stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,

(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley, N.2.



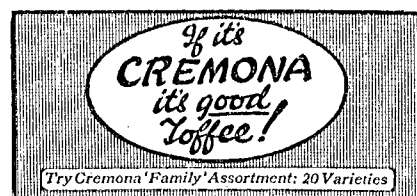
"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food and Money for New Year Treats for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands.

Any gift will be gratefully received by **LEWIS H. BURTT**, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1. President—WALTER SCOLES, Esq.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO.**, 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. Do Luxe Model, 2/- extra.

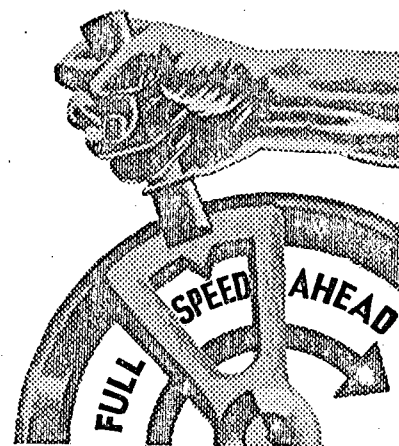


Weaning time is Benger time

When weaning time comes, give Benger's Food during the transition stage from the breast to ordinary food.



Benger's Booklet containing a Concise Guide to the rearing of Infants and Dainty Invalid Recipes to relieve the monotony of milk diet for invalids, post free from **BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.**



"Who buys British?"

The country is united in a determination to win through to better times again. It waits only for a clear signal.

Unemployment signals "Buy British"

We have been too ready to buy goods carelessly, without asking where they come from. We must think first of our own workers.

The Trade Balance signals "Buy British"

We have been buying from abroad more than we can afford. We must spend less abroad and more at home.

How will you answer these signals?

Flash back the answer that will send the country full speed ahead to employment and prosperity:—

"We buy British"

Issued by The Empire Marketing Board

A Splendid Magazine for Boys and Girls.

Little Folks

MONTHLY 1-

Young People love Sardines and they are good for them, too. Those they choose are the real sardines—the

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES.

They can be had at every good Grocer's in the British Isles.

GOOD? Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

January 9, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

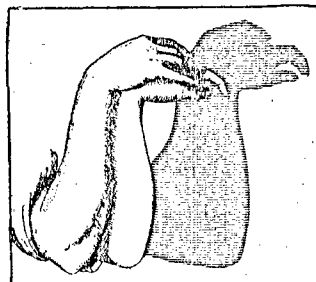
THE BRAN TUB

Milk and Water

A TUMBLER was one-third full of milk, and another of equal size was a quarter full. Each tumbler was filled with water, and then the contents of both were poured into a jug and stirred well.

What fraction of the whole liquid was milk?
Answer next week

Shadowgraphs



How to make an eagle

A Changed Word

If a light word is transposed, The letters put another way, A heavy metal is disclosed. Now what's that metal? Can you say?
Answer next week

How They Worked

Hogarth. Much of Hogarth's work is remarkable for the clever way in which he put expressions into the faces of the people he drew; many of his drawings were extremely cruel. He had a passion for sketching faces, and nearly always carried stubs of pencil and some bits of paper with him when he walked about the streets of London in order to record his impressions. If he had no paper with him and the face of some passer-by attracted him he would make a lightning sketch on his finger-nail and then hurry home to record it permanently.

The Two Cyclists

Two cyclists start at the same time to meet one another, and they meet in 1½ hours.

Had each of them ridden two miles an hour faster they would have met in 1¼ hours.

What is the distance between their starting-places?
Answer next week

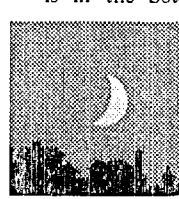
Ici On Parle Français



Le pavillon Le bébé La hutte
C'est le pavillon d'un gramophone. A-t-elle fait photographier bébé? La hutte est une sorte de cabane.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, and



Mercury is in the South-East. In the evening Venus and Uranus are in the South-West, and Jupiter is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6 p.m. on January 13.

What is This?

My first is in listless but not in dull,
My second's in skylark but not in gull,
My third is in village, but not in town.
My fourth is in mantle but not in gown,
My fifth is in circus but not in show,
My sixth is in windy but not in blow,
My seventh's in light but not in sound,
Complete, a pastime for all the year round.
Answer next week

Think of a Number

HERE is a mystifying little teaser to try on your friends. Ask them to think of any number between seven and a hundred and to divide it by 3, 5, and 7, telling you what the remainder is in each case. Then by a little simple arithmetic you can tell them promptly what number they have thought of.

This is how it is done. When you are given the first remainder multiply it by 70, the second by 21, the third by 15. Add these results together and the total will be the original number, or that number added to a multiple of 105.

Thus if the number is sixty-one the remainders are 1, 1, and 5. Multiply, and you get 70 plus 21 plus 75, a total of 166. Subtract 105, and the answer is 61.

A Cryptic Description

PROFESSOR DELVER and his friend Wagg were digging for ancient remains, and the professor brought to light a piece of pottery. Wagg promptly wrote on it the two letters UD.

"Whatever does that stand for?" asked the professor. "U near the D," replied Wagg promptly, and as the professor still seemed puzzled he wrote it down as one word, "Unearthed."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

At the Horse Show

15 horses and 11 grooms

How Old?

Harry is 18

What Country is This?

Germany

What Am I?

Umbrella

Diagonal Acrostic

B r u s h

m e d a l

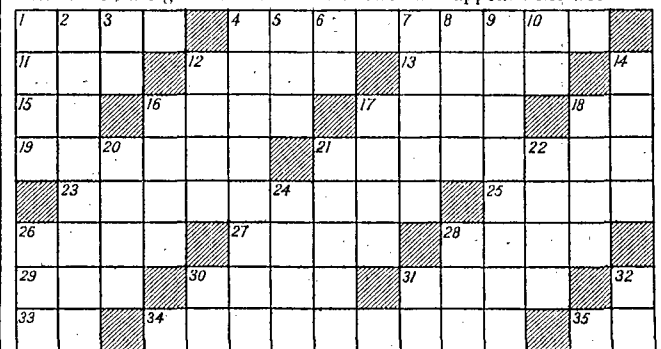
t i l e s

a n g l e

g l a s s

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which are given below. The answer will appear next week.



Reading Across. 1. Pleasure ground. 4. Sulphur. 11. To disencumber. 12. A primary colour. 13. To possess. 15. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 16. Found in a chimney. 17. A thick cord. 18. Automobile Association*. 19. Of a golden colour. 21. Lofty. 23. Things taken back by country of origin. 25. Units. 26. Contains baptismal water. 27. A notion. 28. To swing round. 29. Conjunction. 30. To whirl rapidly. 31. Snake-like fish. 33. Royal Society*. 34. Toothless animals. 35. Negative.

Reading Down. 1. To supplicate. 2. Movable wing flaps. 3. Road*. 4. An instrument for applying intense heat. 5. A wheel track. 6. That is*. 7. Displays. 8. Narrow band of cotton. 9. Worn by engineers. 10. Compass point*. 12. A long pole. 14. Ends of a lace. 16. To cut lengthwise. 17. A school list. 18. Over again. 20. Offer on loan. 21. Famous English river. 22. Summer confections. 24. Mythological god after whom Wednesday is named. 26. Distant. 28. Observe. 30. Said*. 31. Latin for and. 32. In this manner.

Dr MERRYMAN

An Endless Affair

THEY were both householders, and they were talking about mortgages.

"I've heard it said that the mortgage was known in ancient Egypt," said Binks. "H'm!" muttered Banks, "and it seems as if I've been paying interest ever since."

Fast and Slow

IT was a case of furious driving. "The witness has described your car as travelling quick as thought," said the magistrate.

"Yes, sir," replied the motorist. "I know the witness; he is a very slow thinker."

Monty's Reminders



YOUNG Monty can't remember, Though he will always try; He'll tie knots in his handkerchief And not remember why.

Too Long

HINK: What a long bit your horse has.
Mink: Yes; it is a bit too long.

A Famous Man

THE chief was interviewing an applicant for work.

"What is your name?" asked the big man.

"Shakespeare, sir," was the reply. "William Shakespeare."

"And a very well-known name too," remarked the prospective employer.

"It should be, sir," said the applicant. "I've been in this trade since I left school."

Slow Down Quickly

LITTLE BILLIE had dropped behind during the walk.

"Wait for me, Uncle," he called plaintively.

Uncle turned round as he slowed down.

"I am waiting, old chap," he said.

"Yes," complained Billie; "but you are not waiting fast enough."

STARTING THE NEW YEAR

with a Plasticine Modelling Outfit means a year full of good fun, interesting amusement and many a hearty laugh. If you did not get a box for Xmas, Send now for the

NEW OCTAGON BOX

Complete with Tool, Board, and 8 colours.

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NOVLART

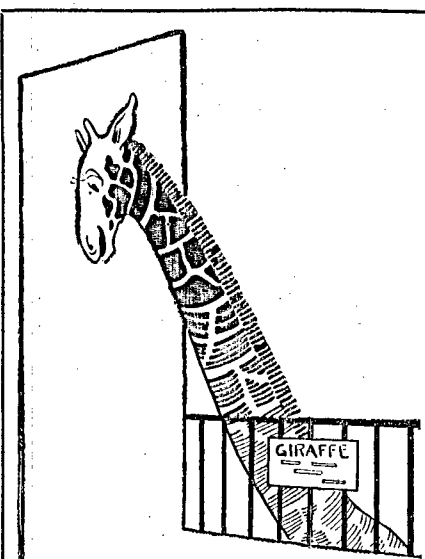
Cosy Corner Stencil Hobby,

PLASTONE

A Modelling Material that sets Hard as Stone.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE LIMITED

18, Bathampton, Bath.



For your Throat



Allenburys PASTILLES

Made from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of ripe black currants.

In Tins, 2 ozs. 8d. 4 ozs. 1/3

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

CIRCUMSTANCES had not played very kindly with Dick Sherwood. He was one of four brothers, the ugly duckling of the family, and his family never let him forget it. The other three sons had all done well, and were holding good posts, but Dick did not have the same success.

At last in desperation Dick's father took him as an assistant in his ironmonger's shop.

A thankless job it was. His father never stopped nagging at him, and it is hard to be enthusiastic about pots and pans, brushes and hardware when your heart is elsewhere.

All his life he had had a passion for pretty things, and he longed to have a shop of his own where he would only sell artistic and fancy goods.

In time his father did allow him to have a little display of his own in one corner of the shop, and Dick bought shrewdly from all the travelling Chinese pedlars and other curio sellers. There were beautiful embroidered shawls, glittering beads, hand-made jewellery, carved boxes.

"Take care you are not swindled," his brothers would say tauntingly, scorning his brave efforts at making a living.

Dick suffered in silence, but he knew he would never be successful till he had a little place of his own.

"I must save every penny I can," he advised himself daily, "and put by sufficient money for a shop of my own, with a window facing a main street."

For many weeks Dick observed strict economy, turning a deaf ear to all tempting offers.

Then a day came when Dick's resolution broke down. A traveller came round with a lovely china figure, of graceful lines and beautiful colouring. Dick had never seen one like it before, and though it cost him ten pounds he bought it.

"It was a great deal of money," he murmured to himself, fondling the vase, "but it looks as though it were worth more."

Nevertheless it had made a big hole in his savings, and as the weeks passed by, and the vase still stood on the counter, he began to feel he had been foolish and extravagant.

Then a red-letter day dawned for Dick. A student

THE RED-LETTER DAY

came into the shop and his attention was at once caught by the sight of the vase. He picked it up, and walked to the light with it.

"Genuine, I think," he said at last. "I am a bit of a collector of china. Unless I'm mistaken this is a bit of rare old Chelsea. I will give you a hundred pounds for it."

Dick could hardly believe his ears. It was true though, and from that day his luck changed. More customers came to buy his wares, and it was not many months later that his wish was realised, and in a dear little old-fashioned shop in the High Street his carefully-chosen goods were shown to advantage, himself the king of the Castle of his Dreams.